BUCKY and TORO in

YOUNG ALLIES

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COMICS

WITH THIS OFFER

FREE THIS AMAZING SPEEDRY BRUSHPEN KIT TO HELP YOU LEARN CARTOONING

This Speed-Dry Brush pen with interchangeable point for straight lines and curves along with a bottle of instant dry ink, included FREE with this offer. Manufacturers guaranteed value is $1.50 for this Brush pen outfit alone.

You'll be delighted and amazed with the astonishing contents of this announcement . . . you get so much for so little that everything included is almost a gift.

This limited free offer is made to encourage you who are sincere and anxious to learn cartooning. No matter if you never had any previous experience, you will find these instructions so interesting and so simplified, yes it is almost like copying, so that you just learn quickly how to draw the funniest and cartooniest faces. You can master lettering for show cards by just making straight and curved lines through the shortcut dot and dash lettering instructions included.

Cartoonists and artists make big money drawing for newspapers, advertisers, magazines, etc. Perhaps you have talent! If you have talent the instructions you get here will help you toward mastering this art and the easy steps which you practice in spare time will help you to make finished cartoon posters and signs. These will make you feel proud and able to prove your talent not only to yourself but to your friends and to possible customers. Think of it, this system is so fast moving and simple that you actually draw faces with the first lesson. No grinding studies and if you act at once we include free with your order a complete patented speed dry brush pen outfit. Remember the SPEED-DRY BRUSH PEN OUTFIT alone is sold for $1.50. So act at once and get yours FREE with your order.

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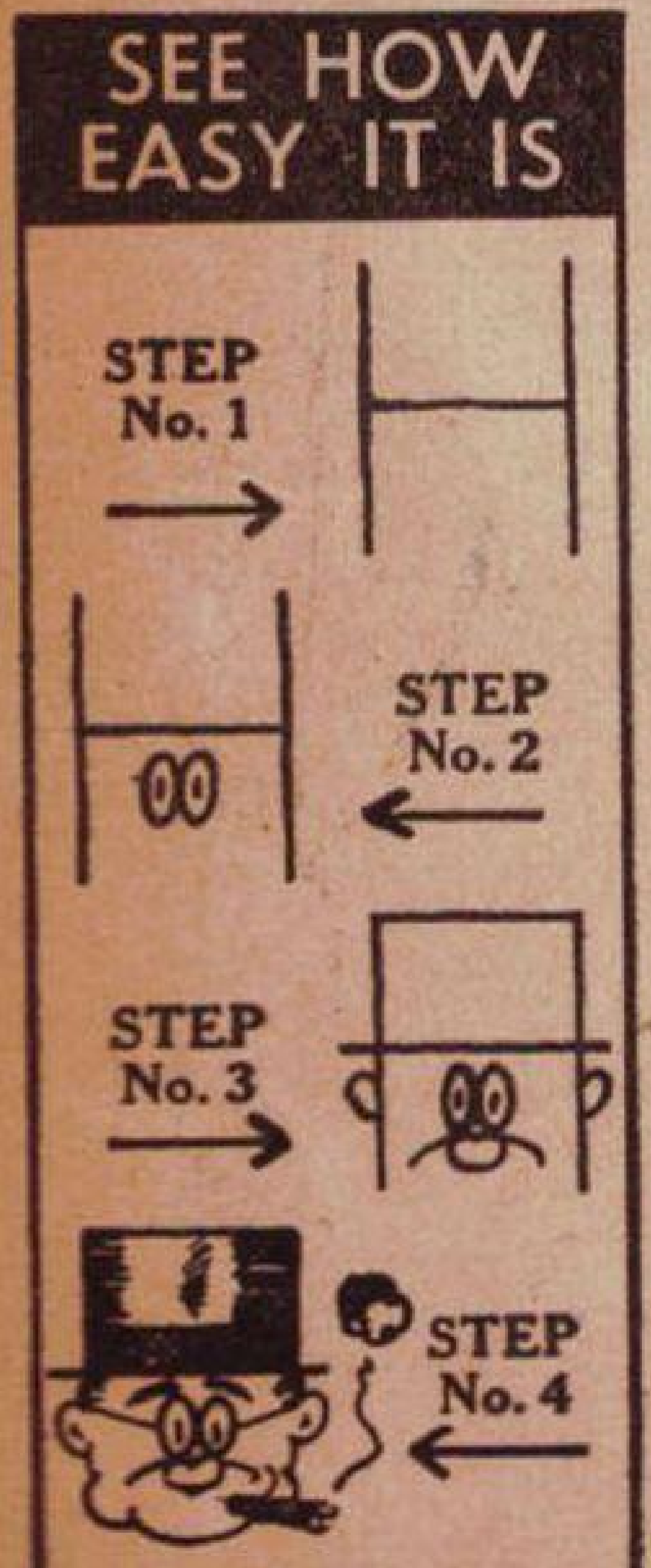
ACTUALLY DRAW FUNNY FACES AND PROFESSIONAL-LIKE LETTERS IN ONE SIMPLE LESSON!

Think of it! You actually draw with your very first lesson. . . . Sounds impossible, but it's true because everything has been made so easy and simple. But practice makes perfect. Practice and it won't be long before you, providing you have ability, will be creating and drawing cartoony faces of your own and perhaps making money out of your newly developed talent.

Four Easy Steps By FRANK WEBB

You are indeed fortunate to have included with this course, fast-moving illustrated cartoon instructions by the famous Frank Webb. Cartoonist Webb shows you how in four easy steps you can make the funniest faces imaginable. They are so easy to draw that you will be amazed. If you want a career as a cartoonist and artist don't miss this unusual opportunity. . Let our instructions, equipment along with Frank Webb's great book "How to Make Faces" be your inspiration and perhaps the foundation of your very future.



Read All You Get

You get "How to Make Faces" by Frank Webb, professional drawing paper, sandpaper, pencil sharpening block, art gum eraser, assortment of American made crayons, ruler, Frank Webb cartoon pencil, flexible protractor to help you easily make any designs, 6 inch 30 degree flexible triangle, special instructions and dot and dash lettering system AND if you order at once you get Speed-Dry Brush pen outfit free.

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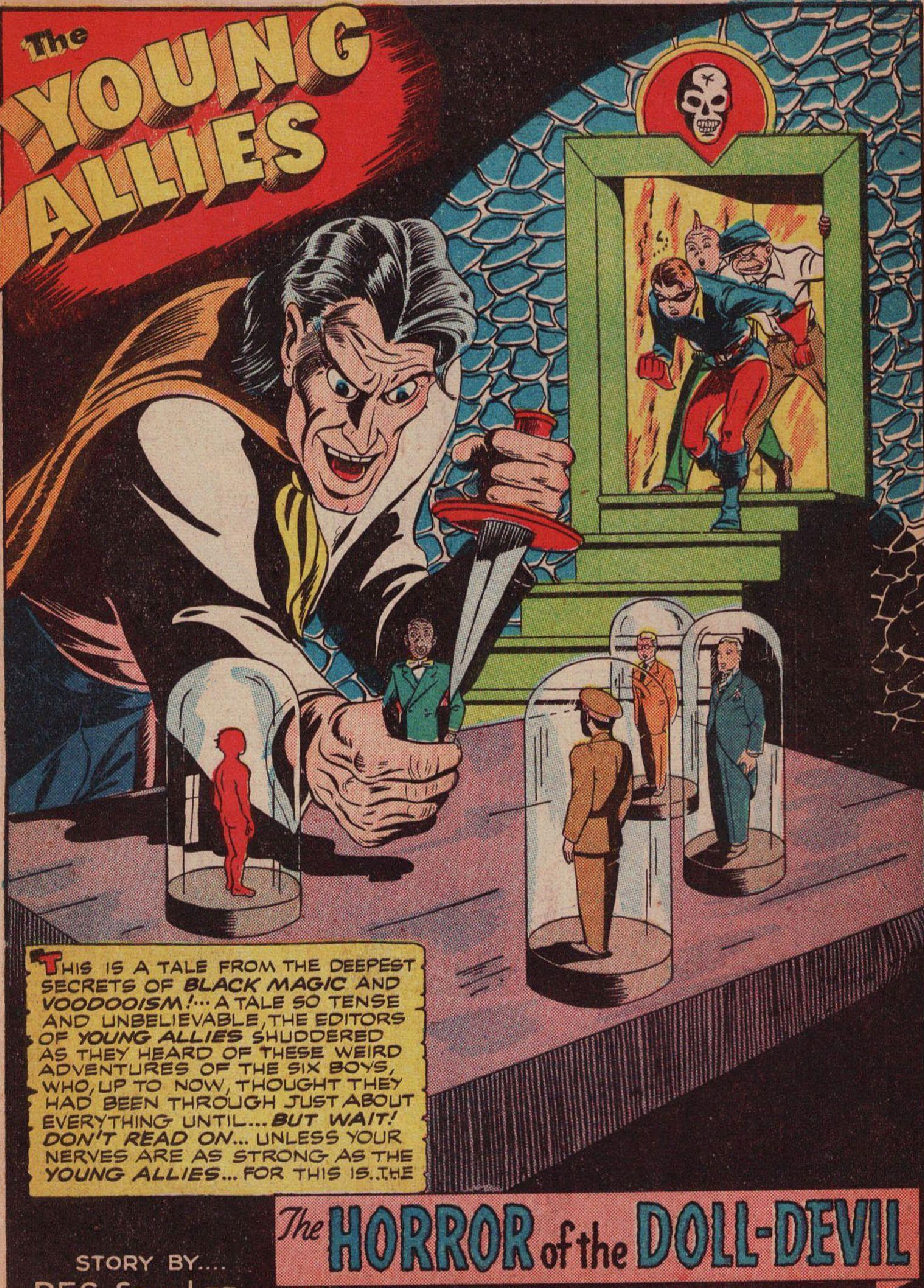
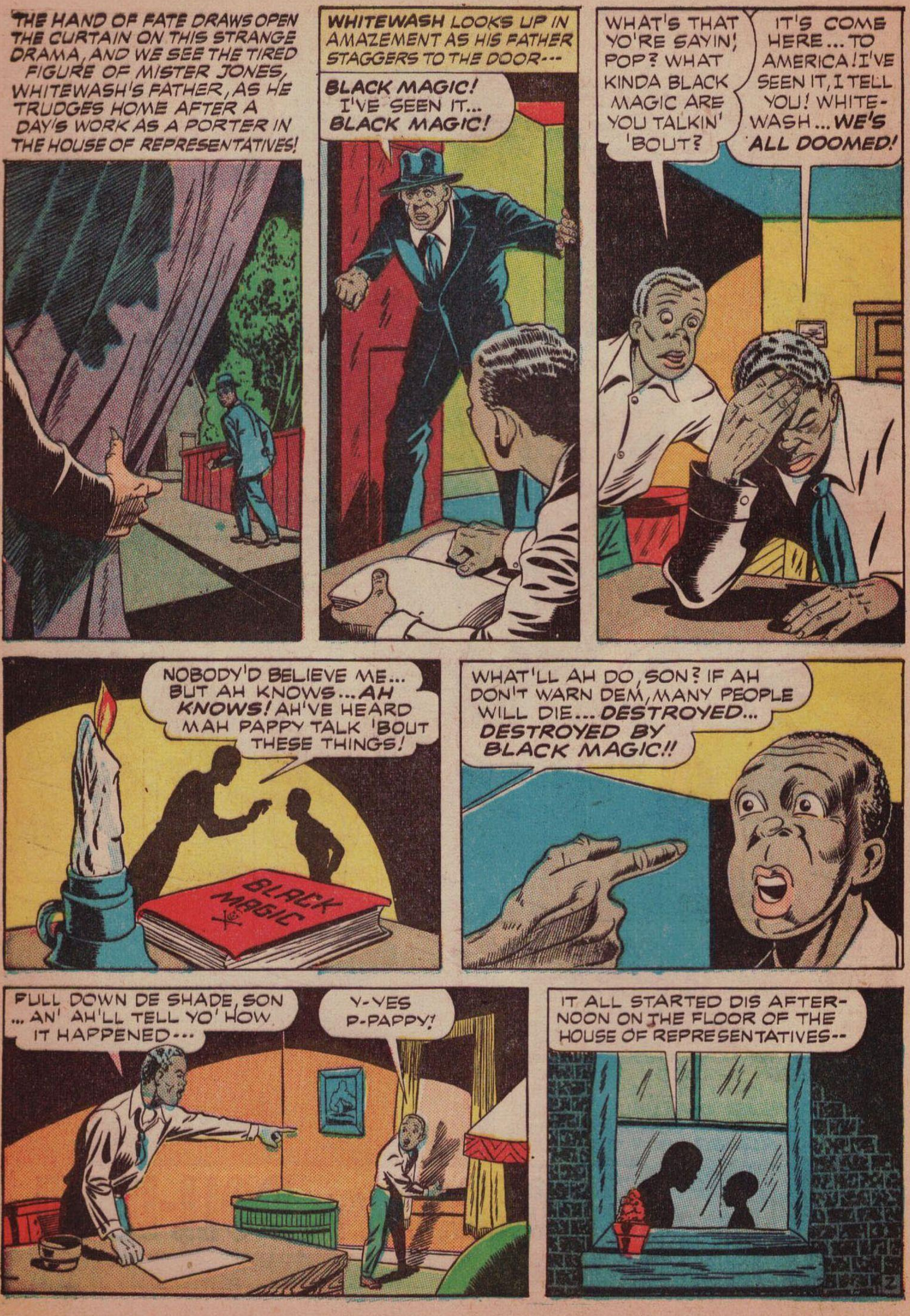
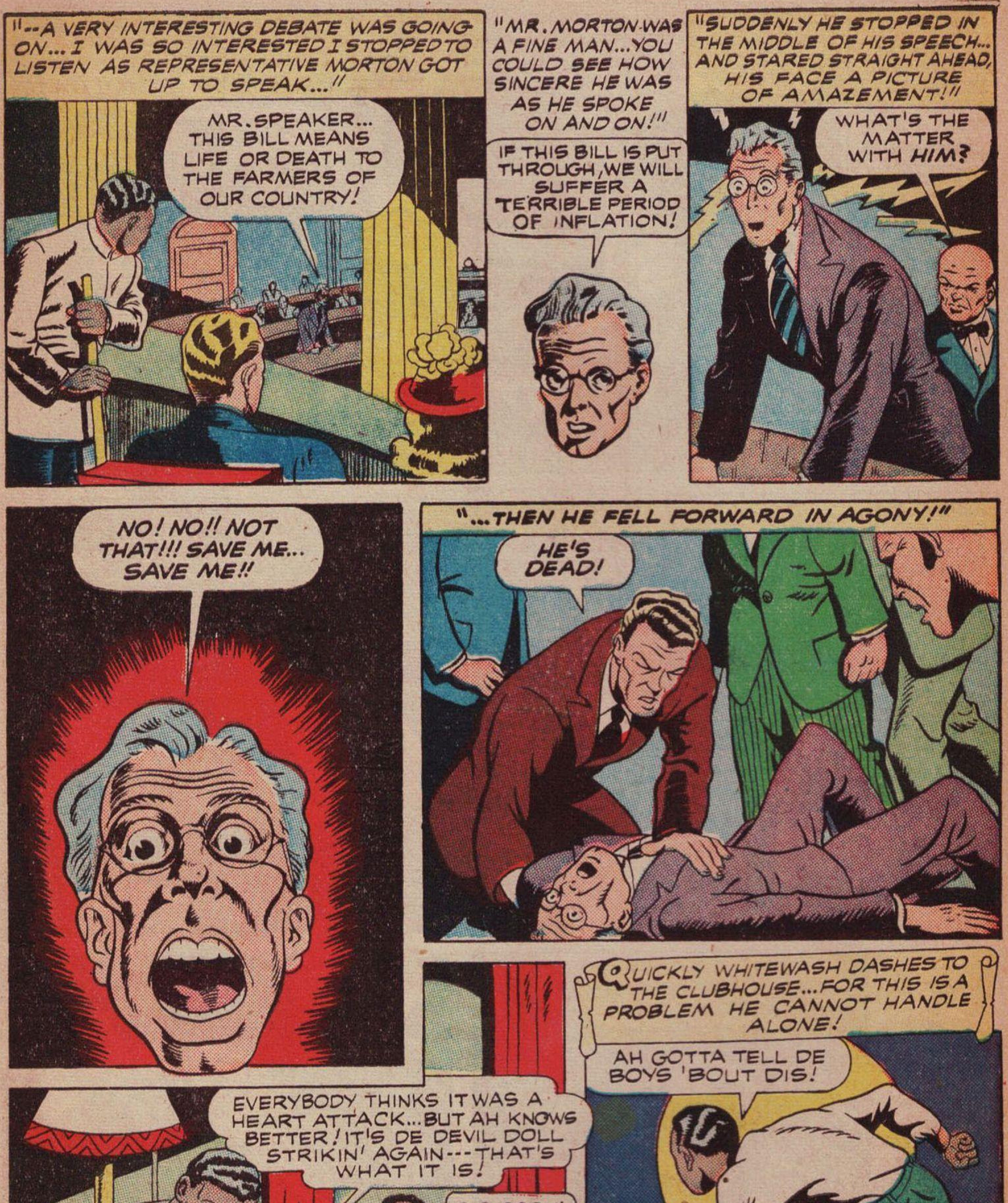
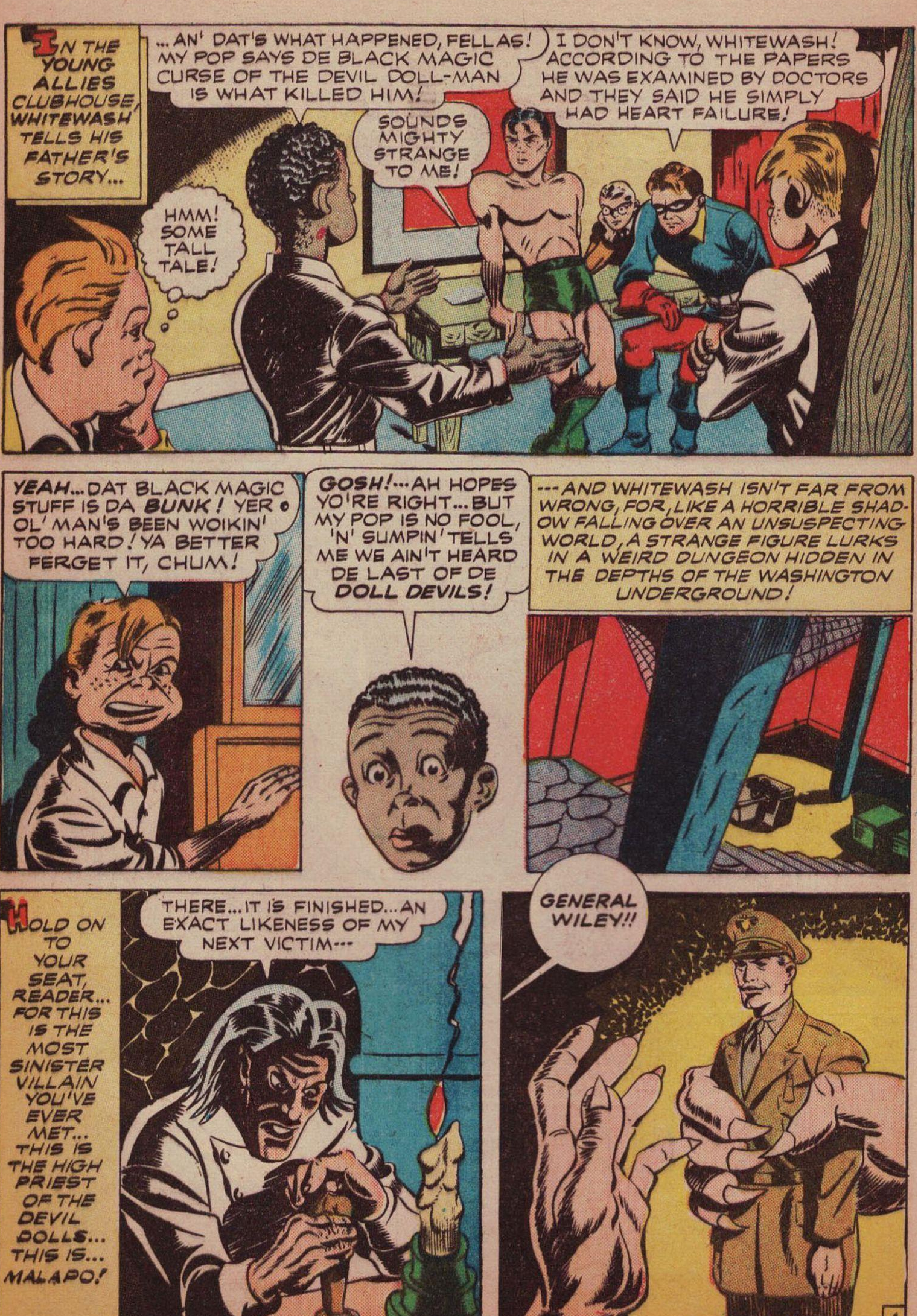
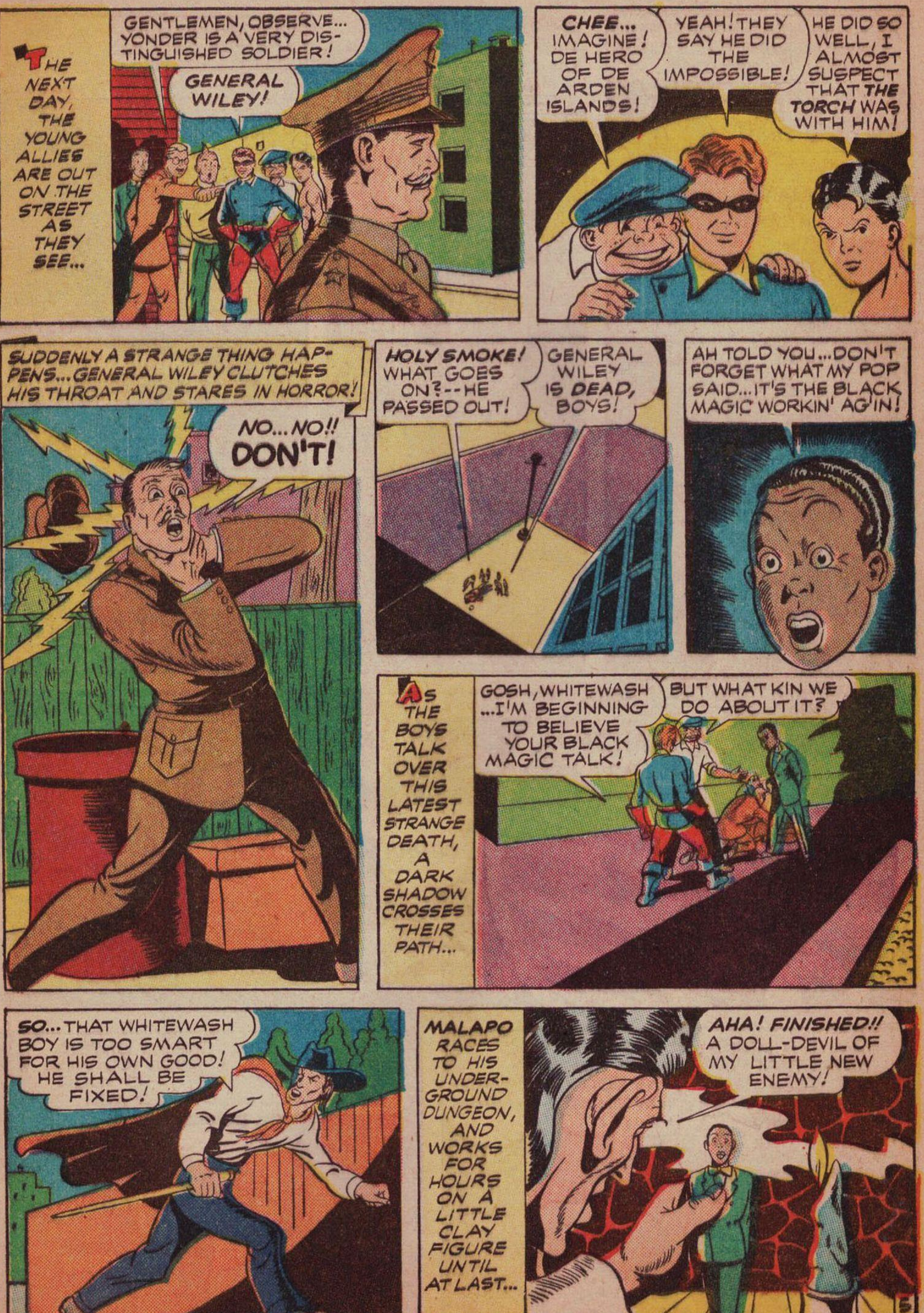
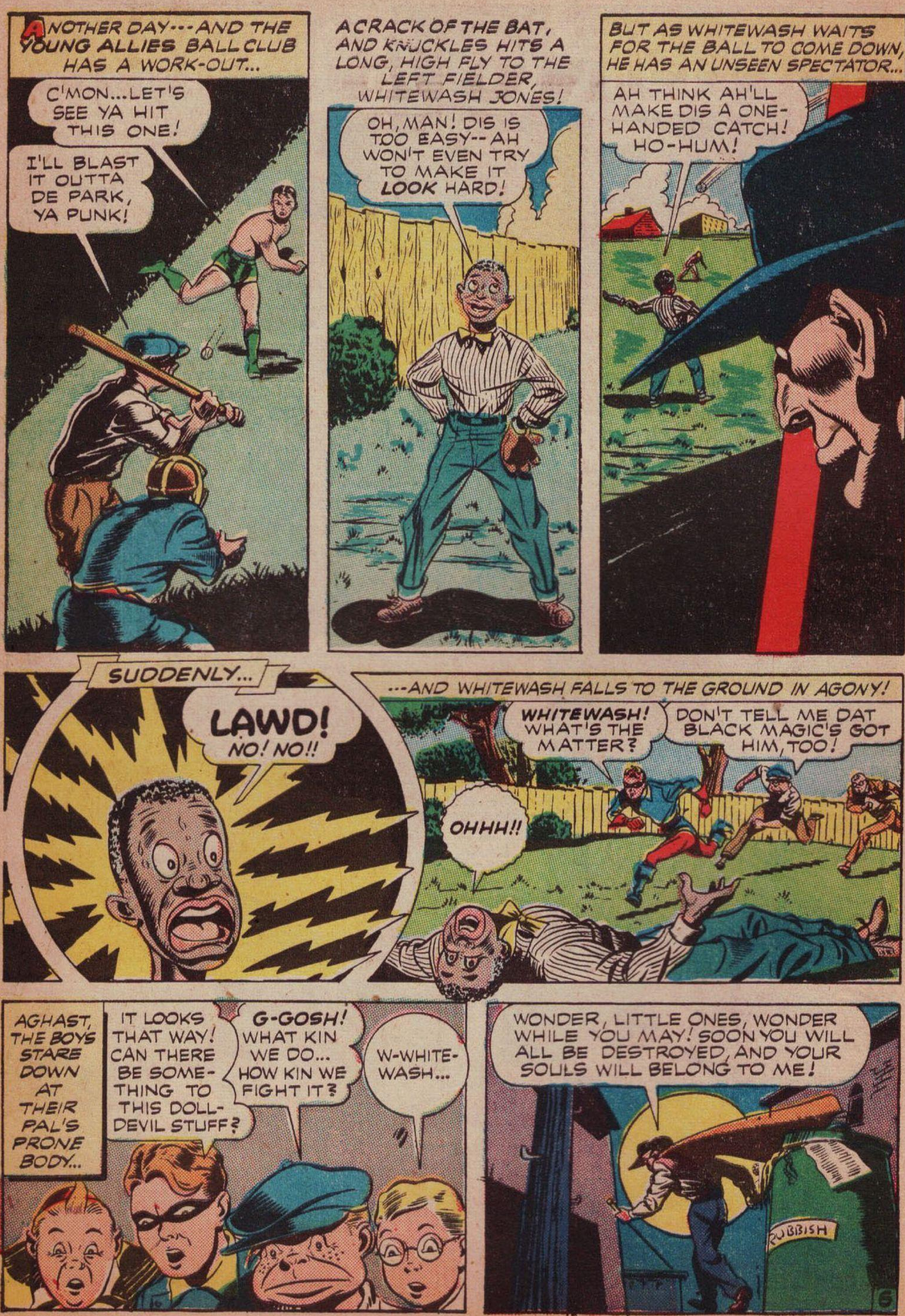

The YOUNG ALLIES
THIS IS A TALE FROM THE DEEPEST SECRETS OF *BLACK MAGIC* AND *VOODOOISM!*... A TALE SO TENSE AND UNBELIEVABLE, THE EDITORS OF *YOUNG ALLIES* SHUDDERED AS THEY HEARD OF THESE WEIRD ADVENTURES OF THE SIX BOYS, WHO, UP TO NOW, THOUGHT THEY HAD BEEN THROUGH JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING UNTIL... *BUT WAIT! DON'T READ ON*... UNLESS YOUR NERVES ARE AS STRONG AS THE *YOUNG ALLIES*... FOR THIS IS THE
The HORROR of the DOLL-DEVIL
STORY BY....
P.F.C. STAN LEE

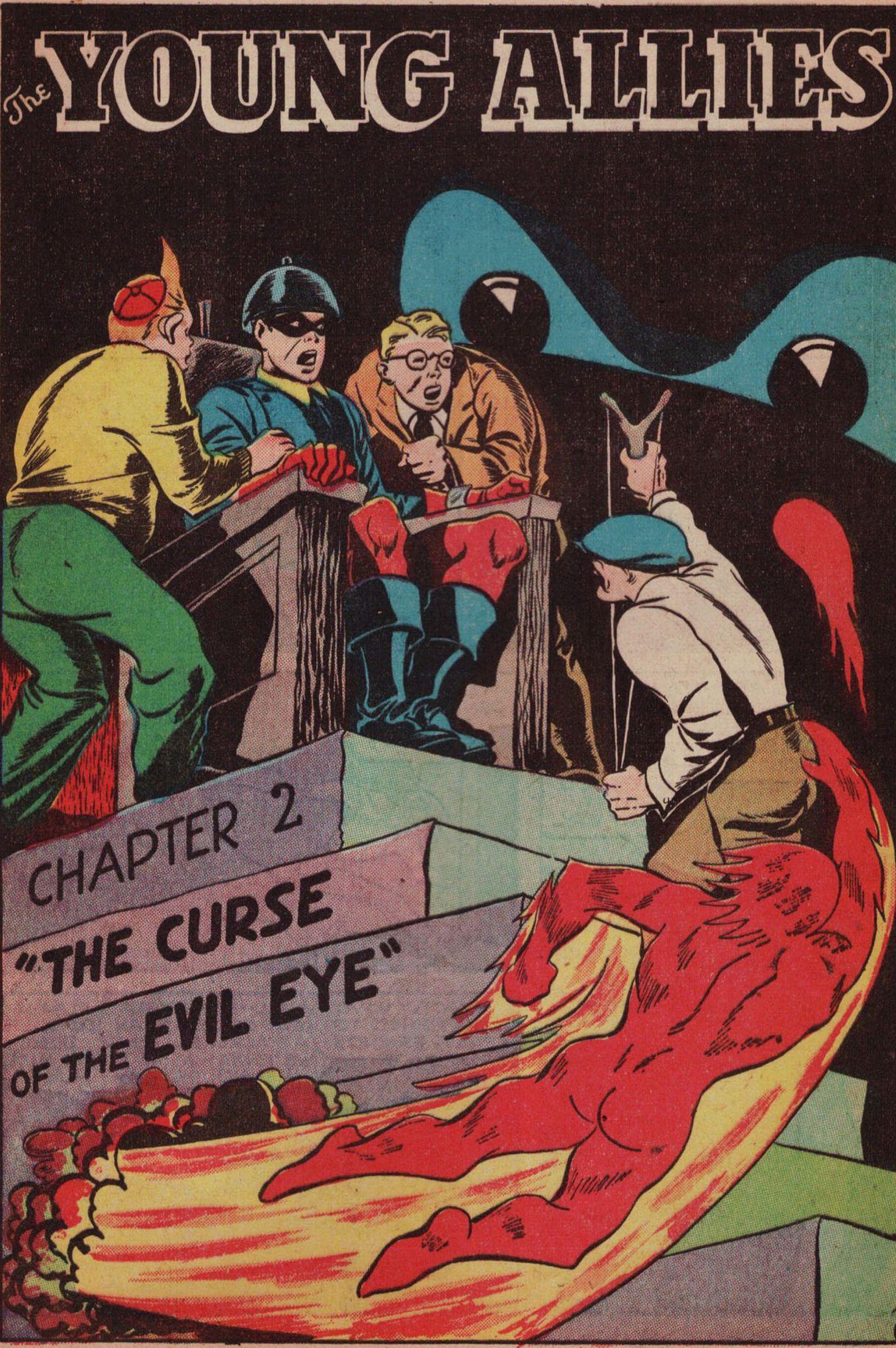

THE HAND OF FATE DRAWS OPEN THE CURTAIN ON THIS STRANGE DRAMA, AND WE SEE THE TIRED FIGURE OF MISTER JONES, WHITEWASH'S FATHER, AS HE TRUDGES HOME AFTER A DAY'S WORK AS A PORTER IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES!
WHITEWASH LOOKS UP IN AMAZEMENT AS HIS FATHER STAGGERS TO THE DOOR---
BLACK MAGIC! I'VE SEEN IT... BLACK MAGIC!
WHAT'S THAT YO'RE SAYIN', POP? WHAT KINDA BLACK MAGIC ARE YOU TALKIN' 'BOUT?
IT'S COME HERE... TO AMERICA! I'VE SEEN IT, I TELL YOU! WHITEWASH... WE'S ALL DOOMED!
NOBODY'D BELIEVE ME... BUT AH KNOWS... AH KNOWS! AH'VE HEARD MAH PAPPY TALK 'BOUT THESE THINGS!
BLACK MAGIC
WHAT'LL AH DO, SON? IF AH DON'T WARN DEM, MANY PEOPLE WILL DIE... DESTROYED... DESTROYED BY BLACK MAGIC!!
PULL DOWN DE SHADE, SON ... AN' AH'LL TELL YO' HOW IT HAPPENED---
Y-YES P-PAPPY!
IT ALL STARTED DIS AFTERNOON ON THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES--

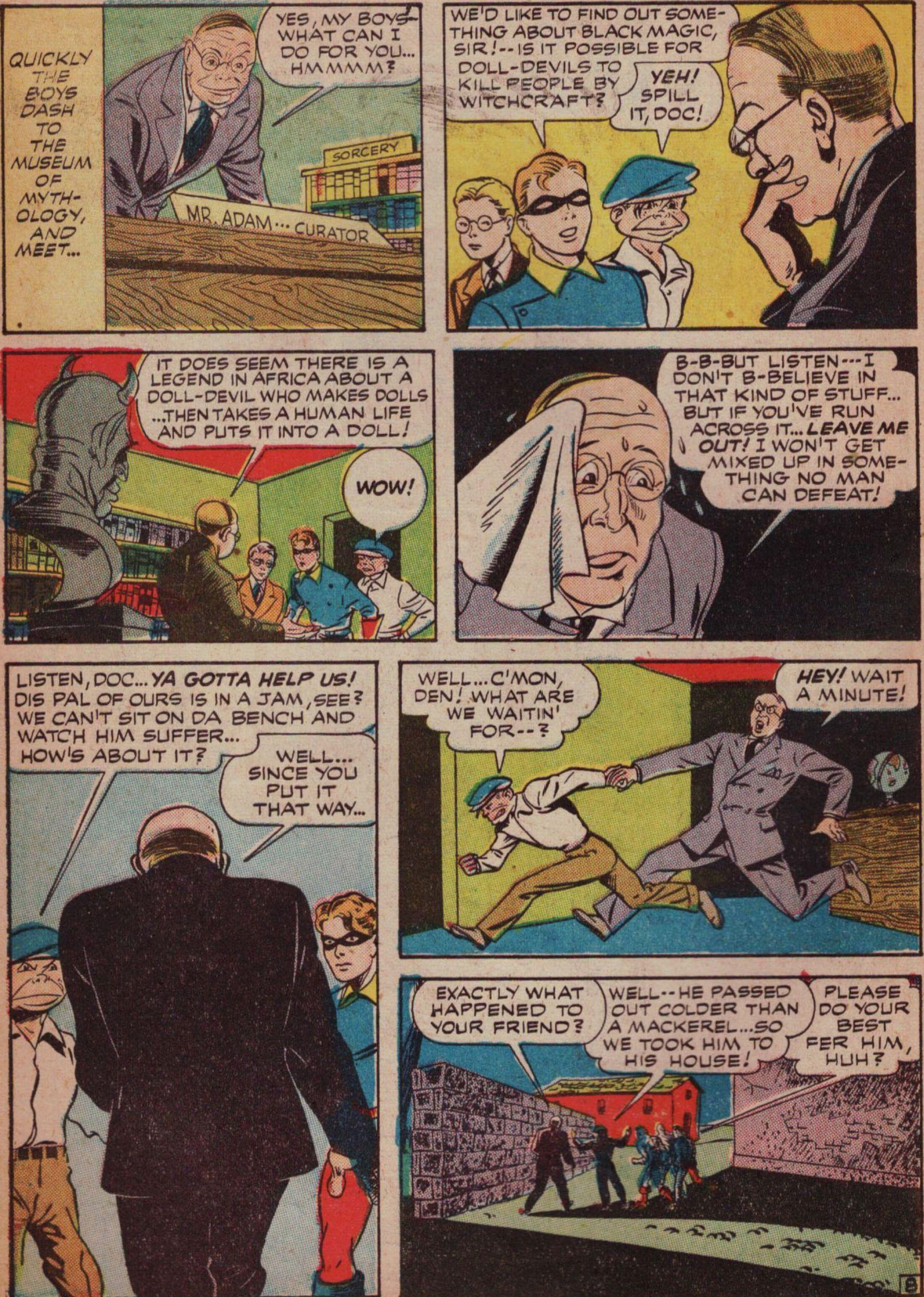

"--A VERY INTERESTING DEBATE WAS GOING ON... I WAS SO INTERESTED I STOPPED TO LISTEN AS REPRESENTATIVE MORTON GOT UP TO SPEAK..."
MR. SPEAKER... THIS BILL MEANS LIFE OR DEATH TO THE FARMERS OF OUR COUNTRY!
"MR. MORTON WAS A FINE MAN... YOU COULD SEE HOW SINCERE HE WAS AS HE SPOKE ON AND ON!"
IF THIS BILL IS PUT THROUGH, WE WILL SUFFER A TERRIBLE PERIOD OF INFLATION!
"SUDDENLY HE STOPPED IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS SPEECH... AND STARED STRAIGHT AHEAD, HIS FACE A PICTURE OF AMAZEMENT!"
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?
NO! NO!! NOT THAT!!! SAVE ME... SAVE ME!!
"...THEN HE FELL FORWARD IN AGONY!"
HE'S DEAD!
EVERYBODY THINKS IT WAS A HEART ATTACK... BUT AH KNOWS BETTER! IT'S DE DEVIL DOLL STRIKIN' AGAIN---THAT'S WHAT IT IS!
G-G-GOSH!
QUICKLY WHITEWASH DASHES TO THE CLUBHOUSE... FOR THIS IS A PROBLEM HE CANNOT HANDLE ALONE!
AH GOTTA TELL DE BOYS 'BOUT DIS!

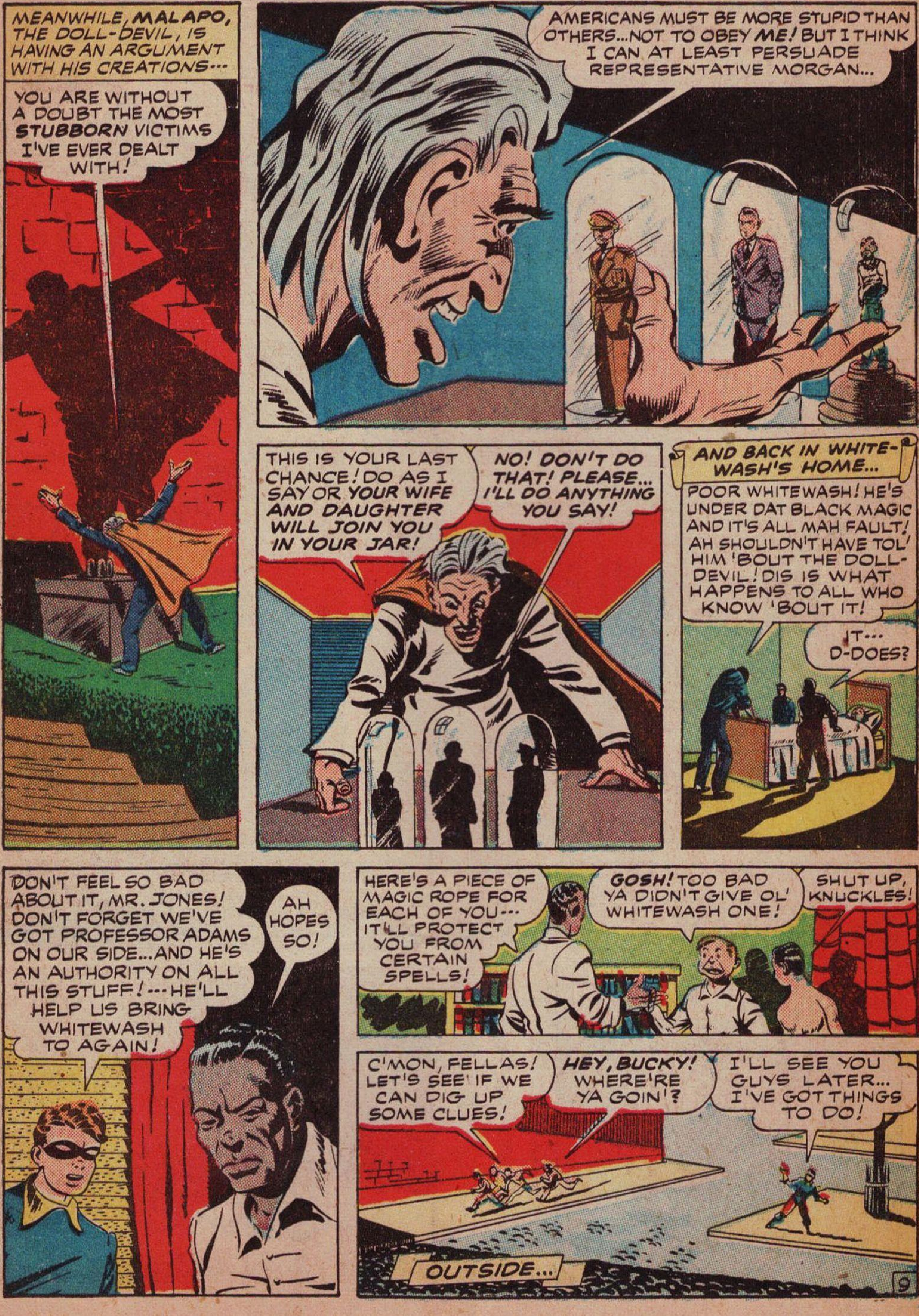

IN THE YOUNG ALLIES CLUBHOUSE, WHITEWASH TELLS HIS FATHER'S STORY...
...AN' DAT'S WHAT HAPPENED, FELLAS! MY POP SAYS DE BLACK MAGIC CURSE OF THE DEVIL DOLL-MAN IS WHAT KILLED HIM!
I DON'T KNOW, WHITEWASH! ACCORDING TO THE PAPERS HE WAS EXAMINED BY DOCTORS AND THEY SAID HE SIMPLY HAD HEART FAILURE!
SOUNDS MIGHTY STRANGE TO ME!
HMM! SOME TALL TALE!
YEAH...DAT BLACK MAGIC STUFF IS DA BUNK! YER OL' MAN'S BEEN WOIKIN' TOO HARD! YA BETTER FERGET IT, CHUM!
GOSH!...AH HOPES YO'RE RIGHT...BUT MY POP IS NO FOOL, 'N' SUMPIN' TELLS ME WE AIN'T HEARD DE LAST OF DE DOLL DEVILS!
---AND WHITEWASH ISN'T FAR FROM WRONG, FOR, LIKE A HORRIBLE SHADOW FALLING OVER AN UNSUSPECTING WORLD, A STRANGE FIGURE LURKS IN A WEIRD DUNGEON HIDDEN IN THE DEPTHS OF THE WASHINGTON UNDERGROUND!
HOLD ON TO YOUR SEAT, READER... FOR THIS IS THE MOST SINISTER VILLAIN YOU'VE EVER MET... THIS IS THE HIGH PRIEST OF THE DEVIL DOLLS... THIS IS... MALAPO!
THERE...IT IS FINISHED...AN EXACT LIKENESS OF MY NEXT VICTIM---
GENERAL WILEY!!

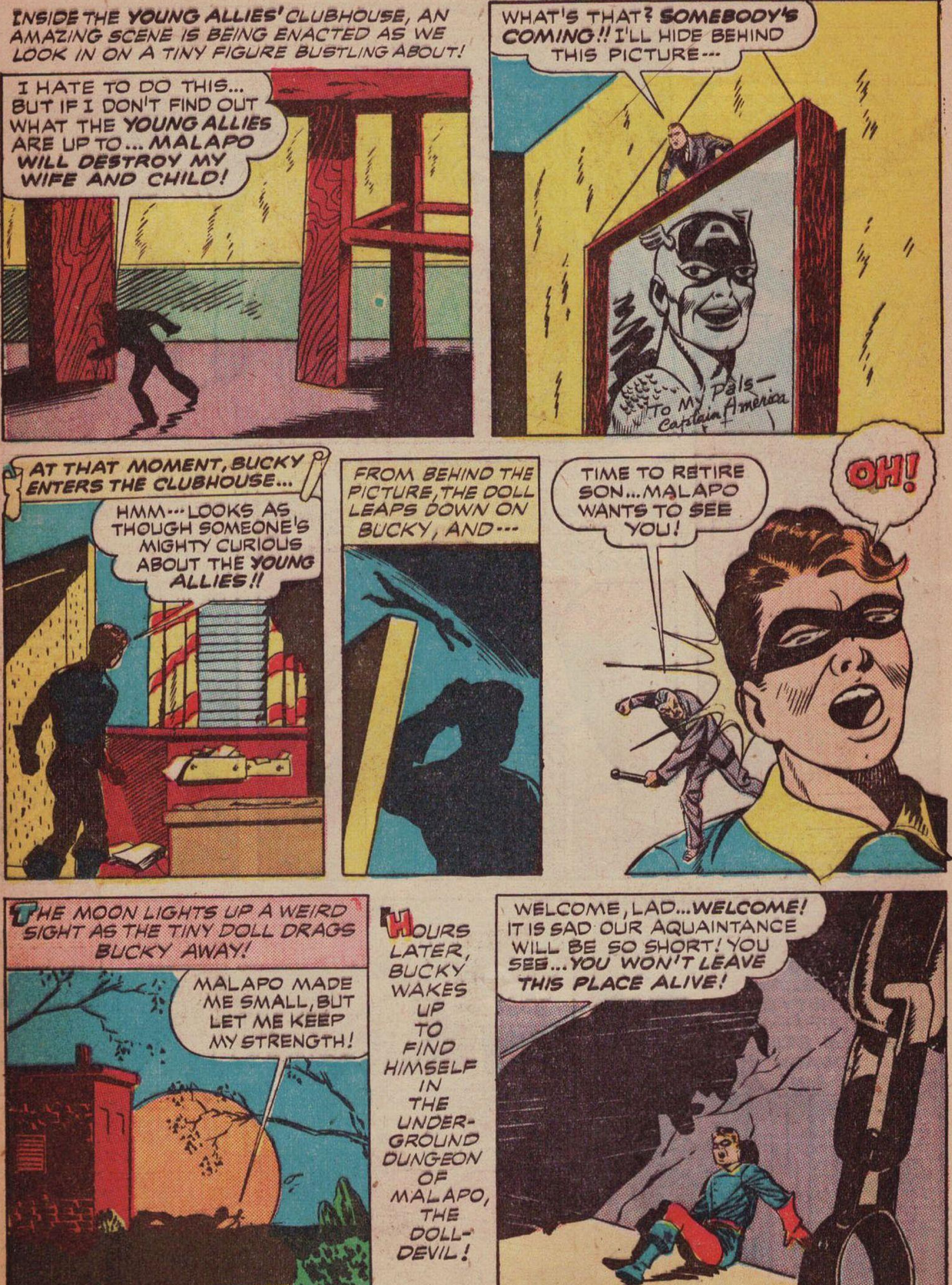

THE NEXT DAY, THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE OUT ON THE STREET AS THEY SEE...
GENTLEMEN, OBSERVE... YONDER IS A VERY DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER!
GENERAL WILEY!
CHEE... IMAGINE! DE HERO OF DE ARDEN ISLANDS!
YEAH! THEY SAY HE DID THE IMPOSSIBLE!
HE DID SO WELL, I ALMOST SUSPECT THAT **THE TORCH** WAS WITH HIM!
SUDDENLY A STRANGE THING HAPPENS... GENERAL WILEY CLUTCHES HIS THROAT AND STARES IN HORROR!
NO... NO!! **DON'T!**
HOLY SMOKE! WHAT GOES ON?--HE PASSED OUT!
GENERAL WILEY IS **DEAD**, BOYS!
AH TOLD YOU... DON'T FORGET WHAT MY POP SAID... IT'S THE BLACK MAGIC WORKIN' AG'IN!
AS THE BOYS TALK OVER THIS LATEST STRANGE DEATH, A DARK SHADOW CROSSES THEIR PATH...
GOSH, WHITEWASH ...I'M BEGINNING TO BELIEVE YOUR BLACK MAGIC TALK!
BUT WHAT KIN WE DO ABOUT IT?
SO... THAT WHITEWASH BOY IS TOO SMART FOR HIS OWN GOOD! HE SHALL BE FIXED!
MALAPO RACES TO HIS UNDERGROUND DUNGEON, AND WORKS FOR HOURS ON A LITTLE CLAY FIGURE UNTIL AT LAST...
AHA! FINISHED!! A DOLL-DEVIL OF MY LITTLE NEW ENEMY!
5

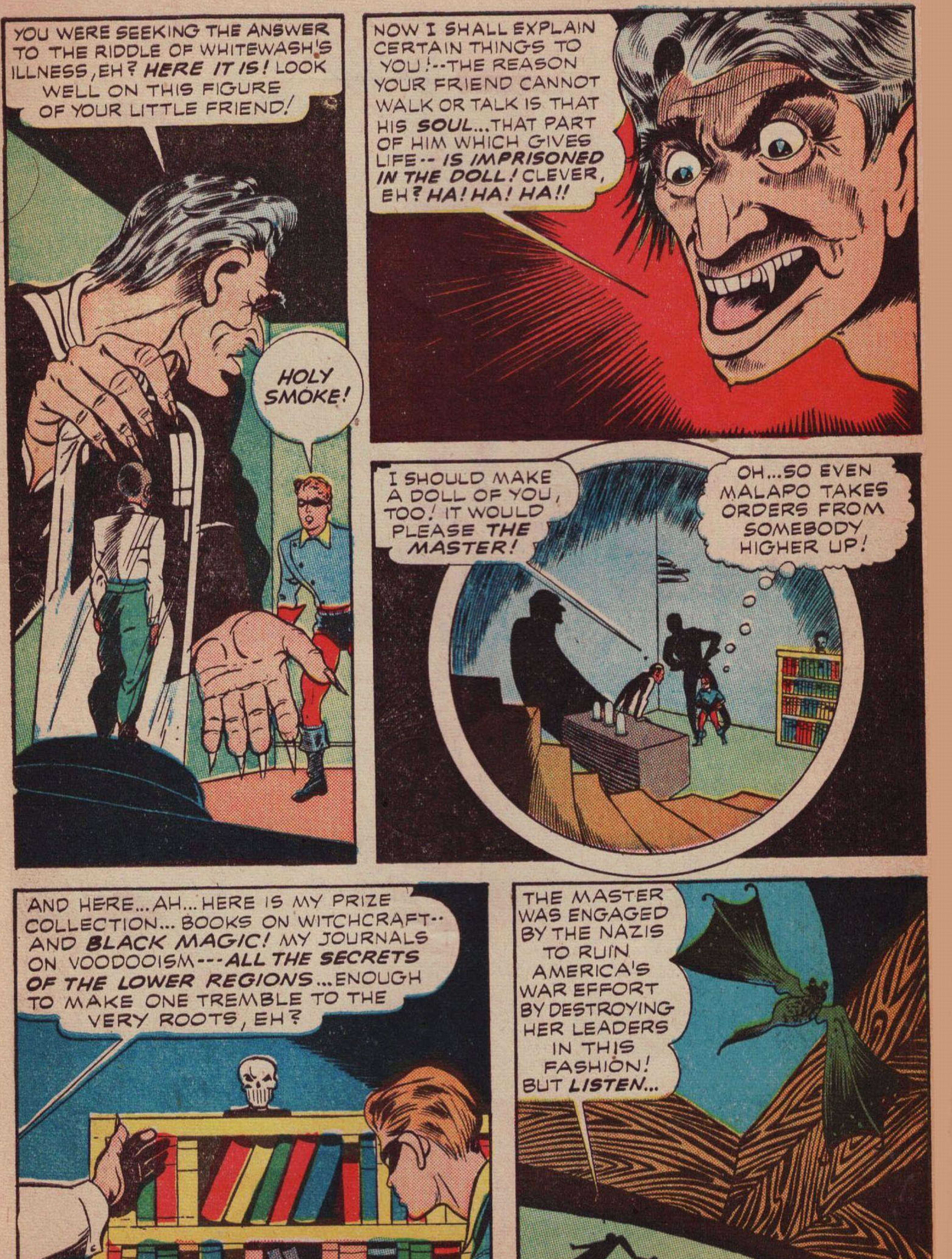

ANOTHER DAY---AND THE YOUNG ALLIES BALL CLUB HAS A WORK-OUT...
C'MON...LET'S SEE YA HIT THIS ONE!
I'LL BLAST IT OUTTA DE PARK, YA PUNK!
A CRACK OF THE BAT, AND KNUCKLES HITS A LONG, HIGH FLY TO THE LEFT FIELDER, WHITEWASH JONES!
OH, MAN! DIS IS TOO EASY--AH WON'T EVEN TRY TO MAKE IT LOOK HARD!
BUT AS WHITEWASH WAITS FOR THE BALL TO COME DOWN, HE HAS AN UNSEEN SPECTATOR...
AH THINK AH'LL MAKE DIS A ONE-HANDED CATCH! HO-HUM!
SUDDENLY...
LAWD! NO! NO!!
---AND WHITEWASH FALLS TO THE GROUND IN AGONY!
WHITEWASH! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
DON'T TELL ME DAT BLACK MAGIC'S GOT HIM, TOO!
OHHH!!
AGHAST, THE BOYS STARE DOWN AT THEIR PAL'S PRONE BODY...
IT LOOKS THAT WAY! CAN THERE BE SOMETHING TO THIS DOLL-DEVIL STUFF?
G-GOSH! WHAT KIN WE DO... HOW KIN WE FIGHT IT?
W-WHITEWASH...
WONDER, LITTLE ONES, WONDER WHILE YOU MAY! SOON YOU WILL ALL BE DESTROYED, AND YOUR SOULS WILL BELONG TO ME!
RUBBISH

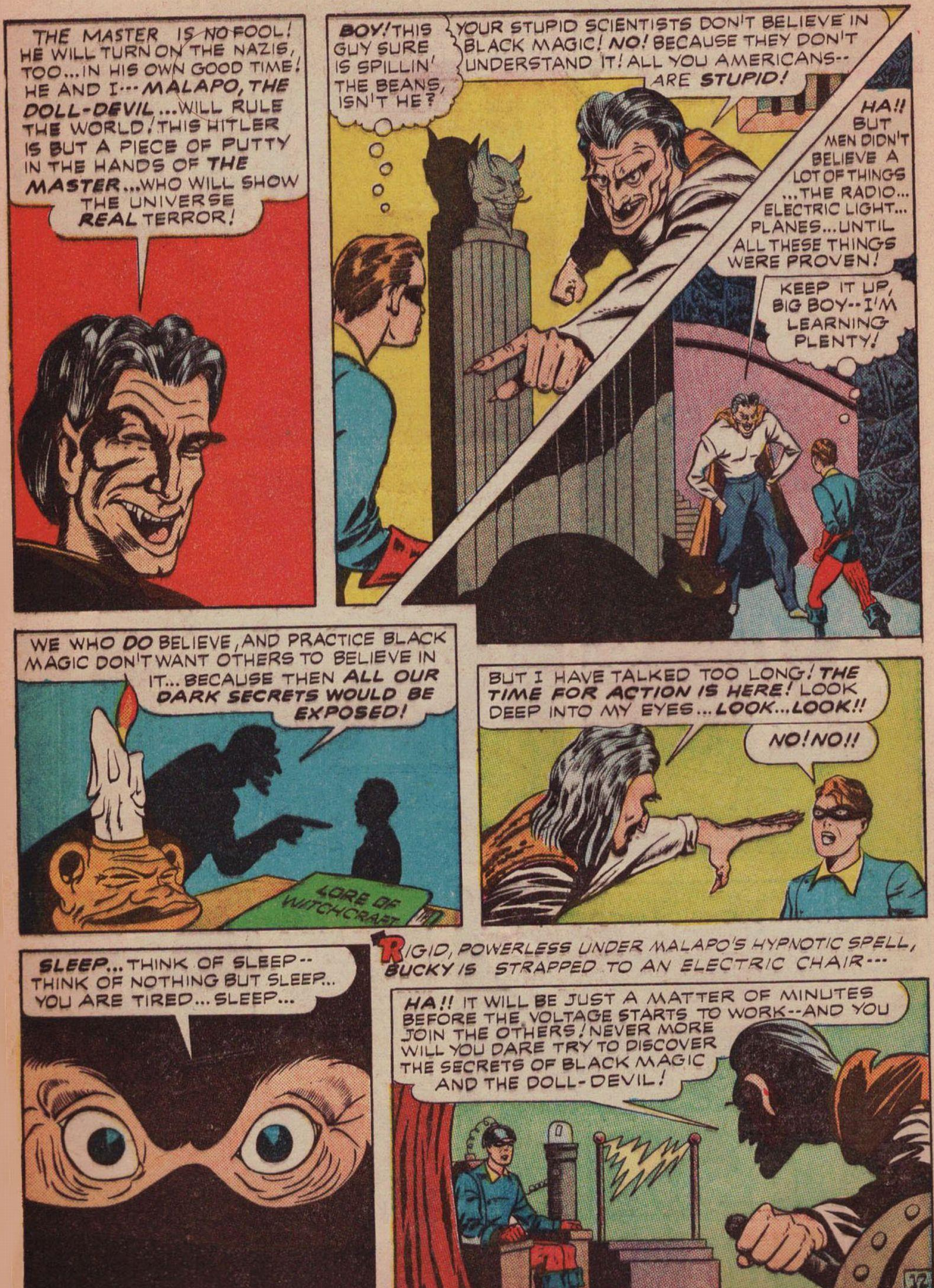

The YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 2
"THE CURSE
OF THE EVIL EYE"


QUICKLY THE BOYS DASH TO THE MUSEUM OF MYTHOLOGY, AND MEET...
YES, MY BOYS— WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU... HMMMM?
SORCERY
MR. ADAM... CURATOR
WE'D LIKE TO FIND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT BLACK MAGIC, SIR!--IS IT POSSIBLE FOR DOLL-DEVILS TO KILL PEOPLE BY WITCHCRAFT?
YEH! SPILL IT, DOC!
IT DOES SEEM THERE IS A LEGEND IN AFRICA ABOUT A DOLL-DEVIL WHO MAKES DOLLS ...THEN TAKES A HUMAN LIFE AND PUTS IT INTO A DOLL!
WOW!
B-B-BUT LISTEN---I DON'T B-BELIEVE IN THAT KIND OF STUFF... BUT IF YOU'VE RUN ACROSS IT... LEAVE ME OUT! I WON'T GET MIXED UP IN SOMETHING NO MAN CAN DEFEAT!
LISTEN, DOC... YA GOTTA HELP US! DIS PAL OF OURS IS IN A JAM, SEE? WE CAN'T SIT ON DA BENCH AND WATCH HIM SUFFER... HOW'S ABOUT IT?
WELL... SINCE YOU PUT IT THAT WAY...
WELL... C'MON, DEN! WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR--?
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!
EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FRIEND?
WELL--HE PASSED OUT COLDER THAN A MACKEREL...SO WE TOOK HIM TO HIS HOUSE!
PLEASE DO YOUR BEST FER HIM, HUH?

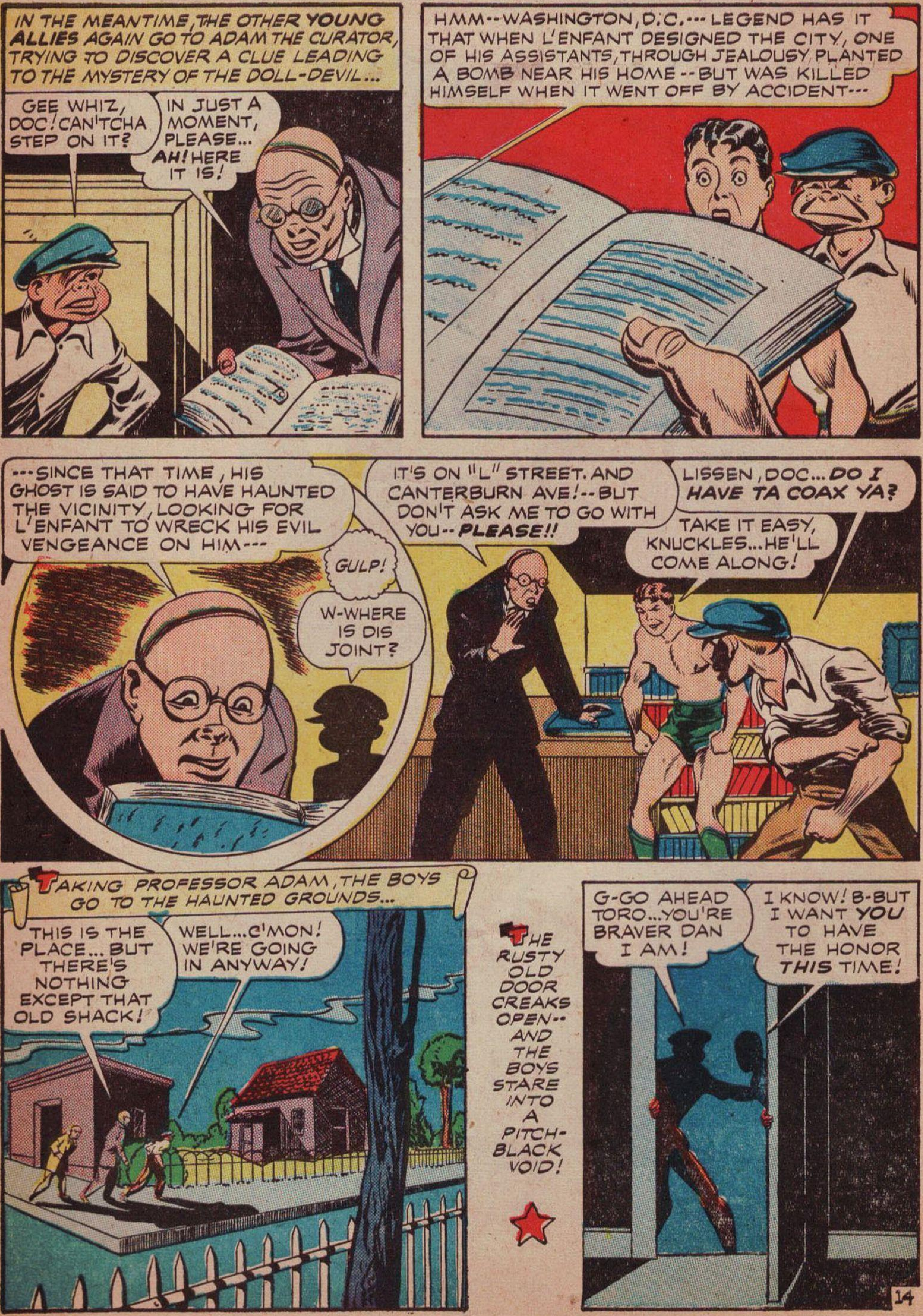

MEANWHILE, MALAPO, THE DOLL-DEVIL, IS HAVING AN ARGUMENT WITH HIS CREATIONS---
YOU ARE WITHOUT A DOUBT THE MOST STUBBORN VICTIMS I'VE EVER DEALT WITH!
AMERICANS MUST BE MORE STUPID THAN OTHERS...NOT TO OBEY ME! BUT I THINK I CAN AT LEAST PERSUADE REPRESENTATIVE MORGAN...
THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE! DO AS I SAY OR YOUR WIFE AND DAUGHTER WILL JOIN YOU IN YOUR JAR!
NO! DON'T DO THAT! PLEASE... I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!
AND BACK IN WHITEWASH'S HOME...
POOR WHITEWASH! HE'S UNDER DAT BLACK MAGIC AND IT'S ALL MAH FAULT! AH SHOULDN'T HAVE TOL' HIM 'BOUT THE DOLL-DEVIL! DIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO ALL WHO KNOW 'BOUT IT!
IT--- D-DOES?
DON'T FEEL SO BAD ABOUT IT, MR. JONES! DON'T FORGET WE'VE GOT PROFESSOR ADAMS ON OUR SIDE...AND HE'S AN AUTHORITY ON ALL THIS STUFF!---HE'LL HELP US BRING WHITEWASH TO AGAIN!
AH HOPES SO!
HERE'S A PIECE OF MAGIC ROPE FOR EACH OF YOU--- IT'LL PROTECT YOU FROM CERTAIN SPELLS!
GOSH! TOO BAD YA DIDN'T GIVE OL' WHITEWASH ONE!
SHUT UP, KNUCKLES!
C'MON, FELLAS! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN DIG UP SOME CLUES!
HEY, BUCKY! WHERE'RE YA GOIN'?
I'LL SEE YOU GUYS LATER... I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!
OUTSIDE...


INSIDE THE YOUNG ALLIES' CLUBHOUSE, AN AMAZING SCENE IS BEING ENACTED AS WE LOOK IN ON A TINY FIGURE BUSTLING ABOUT!
I HATE TO DO THIS... BUT IF I DON'T FIND OUT WHAT THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE UP TO... MALAPO WILL DESTROY MY WIFE AND CHILD!
WHAT'S THAT? SOMEBODY'S COMING!! I'LL HIDE BEHIND THIS PICTURE---
To My Pals— Captain America
AT THAT MOMENT, BUCKY ENTERS THE CLUBHOUSE...
HMM---LOOKS AS THOUGH SOMEONE'S MIGHTY CURIOUS ABOUT THE YOUNG ALLIES!!
FROM BEHIND THE PICTURE, THE DOLL LEAPS DOWN ON BUCKY, AND---
TIME TO RETIRE SON...MALAPO WANTS TO SEE YOU!
OH!
THE MOON LIGHTS UP A WEIRD SIGHT AS THE TINY DOLL DRAGS BUCKY AWAY!
MALAPO MADE ME SMALL, BUT LET ME KEEP MY STRENGTH!
HOURS LATER, BUCKY WAKES UP TO FIND HIMSELF IN THE UNDERGROUND DUNGEON OF MALAPO, THE DOLL-DEVIL!
WELCOME, LAD...WELCOME! IT IS SAD OUR AQUAINTANCE WILL BE SO SHORT! YOU SEE...YOU WON'T LEAVE THIS PLACE ALIVE!

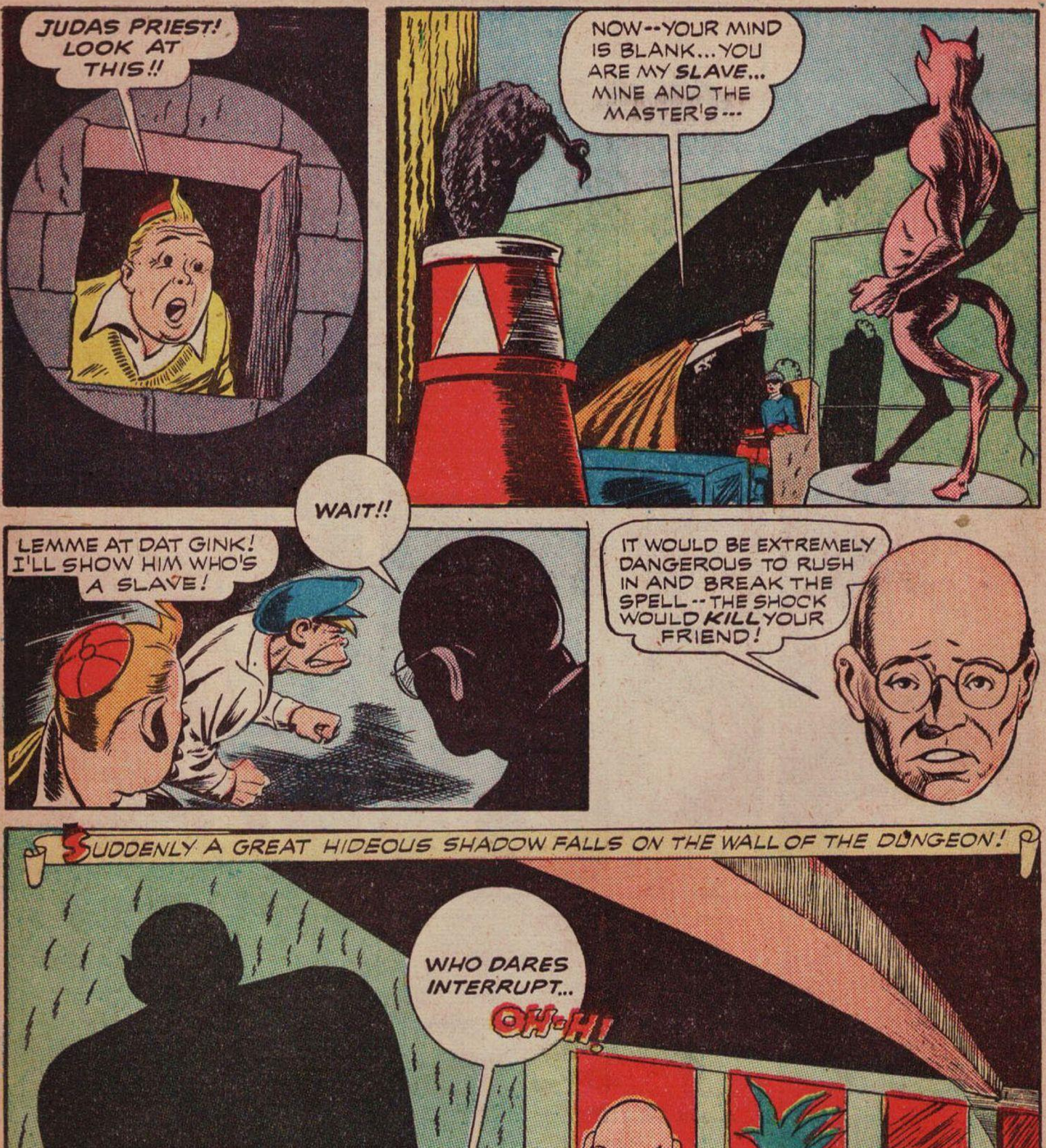

YOU WERE SEEKING THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF WHITEWASH'S ILLNESS, EH? ***HERE IT IS!*** LOOK WELL ON THIS FIGURE OF YOUR LITTLE FRIEND!
HOLY SMOKE!
NOW I SHALL EXPLAIN CERTAIN THINGS TO YOU!--THE REASON YOUR FRIEND CANNOT WALK OR TALK IS THAT HIS ***SOUL***...THAT PART OF HIM WHICH GIVES LIFE-- ***IS IMPRISONED IN THE DOLL!*** CLEVER, EH? ***HA! HA! HA!!***
I SHOULD MAKE A DOLL OF YOU, TOO! IT WOULD PLEASE ***THE MASTER!***
OH...SO EVEN MALAPO TAKES ORDERS FROM SOMEBODY HIGHER UP!
AND HERE...AH...HERE IS MY PRIZE COLLECTION... BOOKS ON WITCHCRAFT-- AND ***BLACK MAGIC!*** MY JOURNALS ON VOODOOISM---***ALL THE SECRETS OF THE LOWER REGIONS***...ENOUGH TO MAKE ONE TREMBLE TO THE VERY ROOTS, EH?
THE MASTER WAS ENGAGED BY THE NAZIS TO RUIN AMERICA'S WAR EFFORT BY DESTROYING HER LEADERS IN THIS FASHION! BUT ***LISTEN...***

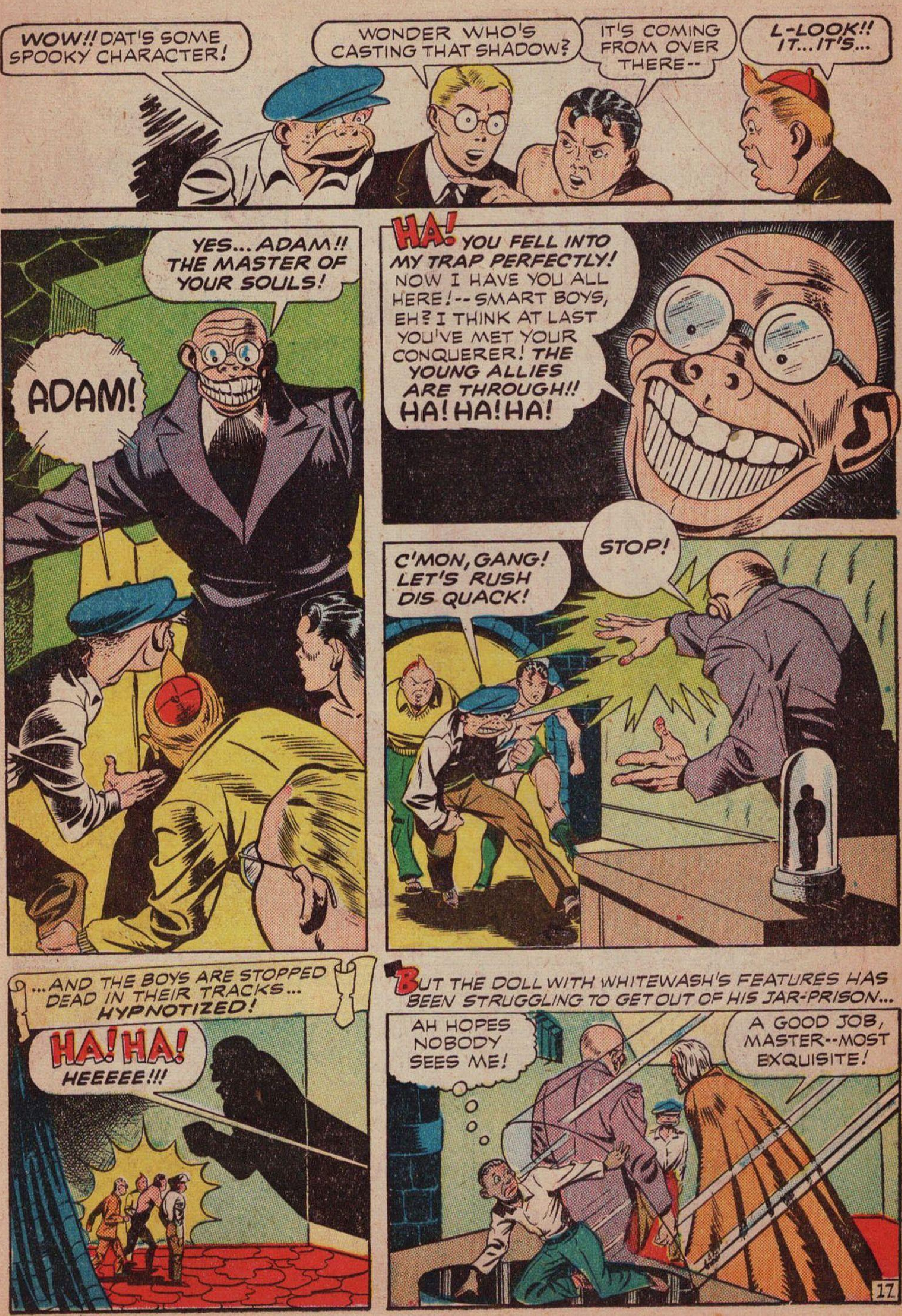

THE MASTER IS NO FOOL! HE WILL TURN ON THE NAZIS, TOO...IN HIS OWN GOOD TIME! HE AND I---MALAPO, THE DOLL-DEVIL...WILL RULE THE WORLD! THIS HITLER IS BUT A PIECE OF PUTTY IN THE HANDS OF THE MASTER...WHO WILL SHOW THE UNIVERSE REAL TERROR!
BOY! THIS GUY SURE IS SPILLIN' THE BEANS, ISN'T HE?
YOUR STUPID SCIENTISTS DON'T BELIEVE IN BLACK MAGIC! NO! BECAUSE THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! ALL YOU AMERICANS--ARE STUPID!
HA!! BUT MEN DIDN'T BELIEVE A LOT OF THINGS ...THE RADIO... ELECTRIC LIGHT... PLANES...UNTIL ALL THESE THINGS WERE PROVEN!
KEEP IT UP, BIG BOY--I'M LEARNING PLENTY!
WE WHO DO BELIEVE, AND PRACTICE BLACK MAGIC DON'T WANT OTHERS TO BELIEVE IN IT... BECAUSE THEN ALL OUR DARK SECRETS WOULD BE EXPOSED!
LORE OF WITCHCRAFT
BUT I HAVE TALKED TOO LONG! THE TIME FOR ACTION IS HERE! LOOK DEEP INTO MY EYES...LOOK...LOOK!!
NO! NO!!
SLEEP...THINK OF SLEEP--THINK OF NOTHING BUT SLEEP.. YOU ARE TIRED...SLEEP...
RIGID, POWERLESS UNDER MALAPO'S HYPNOTIC SPELL, BUCKY IS STRAPPED TO AN ELECTRIC CHAIR---
HA!! IT WILL BE JUST A MATTER OF MINUTES BEFORE THE VOLTAGE STARTS TO WORK--AND YOU JOIN THE OTHERS! NEVER MORE WILL YOU DARE TRY TO DISCOVER THE SECRETS OF BLACK MAGIC AND THE DOLL-DEVIL!

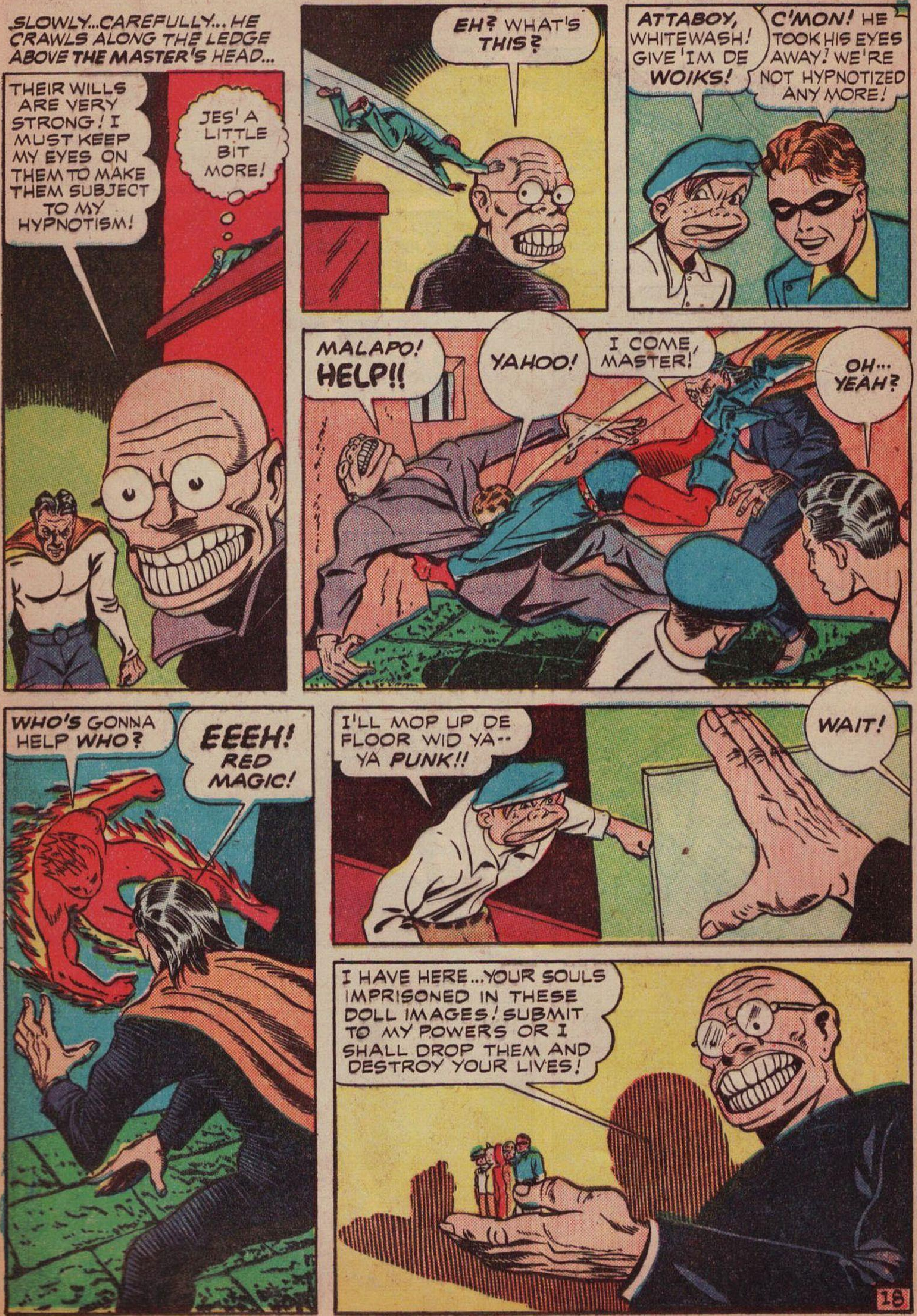
The YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 3
"THE SHADOW OF DOOM"

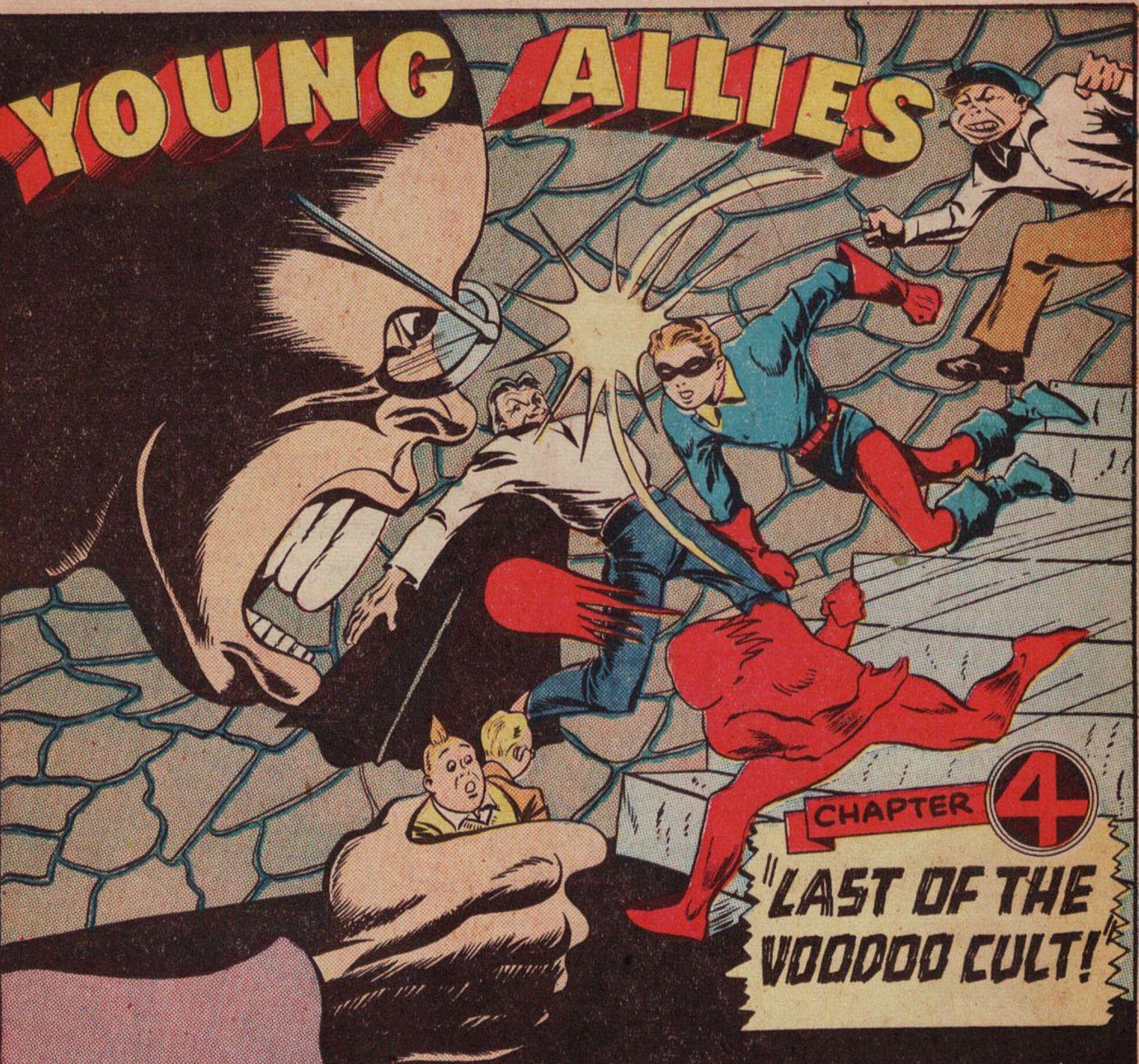

IN THE MEANTIME, THE OTHER YOUNG ALLIES AGAIN GO TO ADAM THE CURATOR, TRYING TO DISCOVER A CLUE LEADING TO THE MYSTERY OF THE DOLL-DEVIL...
GEE WHIZ, DOC! CAN'TCHA STEP ON IT?
IN JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE... AH! HERE IT IS!
HMM--WASHINGTON, D.C.--- LEGEND HAS IT THAT WHEN L'ENFANT DESIGNED THE CITY, ONE OF HIS ASSISTANTS, THROUGH JEALOUSY, PLANTED A BOMB NEAR HIS HOME -- BUT WAS KILLED HIMSELF WHEN IT WENT OFF BY ACCIDENT---
---SINCE THAT TIME, HIS GHOST IS SAID TO HAVE HAUNTED THE VICINITY, LOOKING FOR L'ENFANT TO WRECK HIS EVIL VENGEANCE ON HIM---
GULP!
W-WHERE IS DIS JOINT?
IT'S ON "L" STREET. AND CANTERBURN AVE!-- BUT DON'T ASK ME TO GO WITH YOU-- PLEASE!!
LISSEN, DOC... DO I HAVE TA COAX YA?
TAKE IT EASY, KNUCKLES... HE'LL COME ALONG!
TAKING PROFESSOR ADAM, THE BOYS GO TO THE HAUNTED GROUNDS...
THIS IS THE PLACE... BUT THERE'S NOTHING EXCEPT THAT OLD SHACK!
WELL...C'MON! WE'RE GOING IN ANYWAY!
THE RUSTY OLD DOOR CREAKS OPEN-- AND THE BOYS STARE INTO A PITCH-BLACK VOID!
G-GO AHEAD TORO... YOU'RE BRAVER DAN I AM!
I KNOW! B-BUT I WANT YOU TO HAVE THE HONOR THIS TIME!

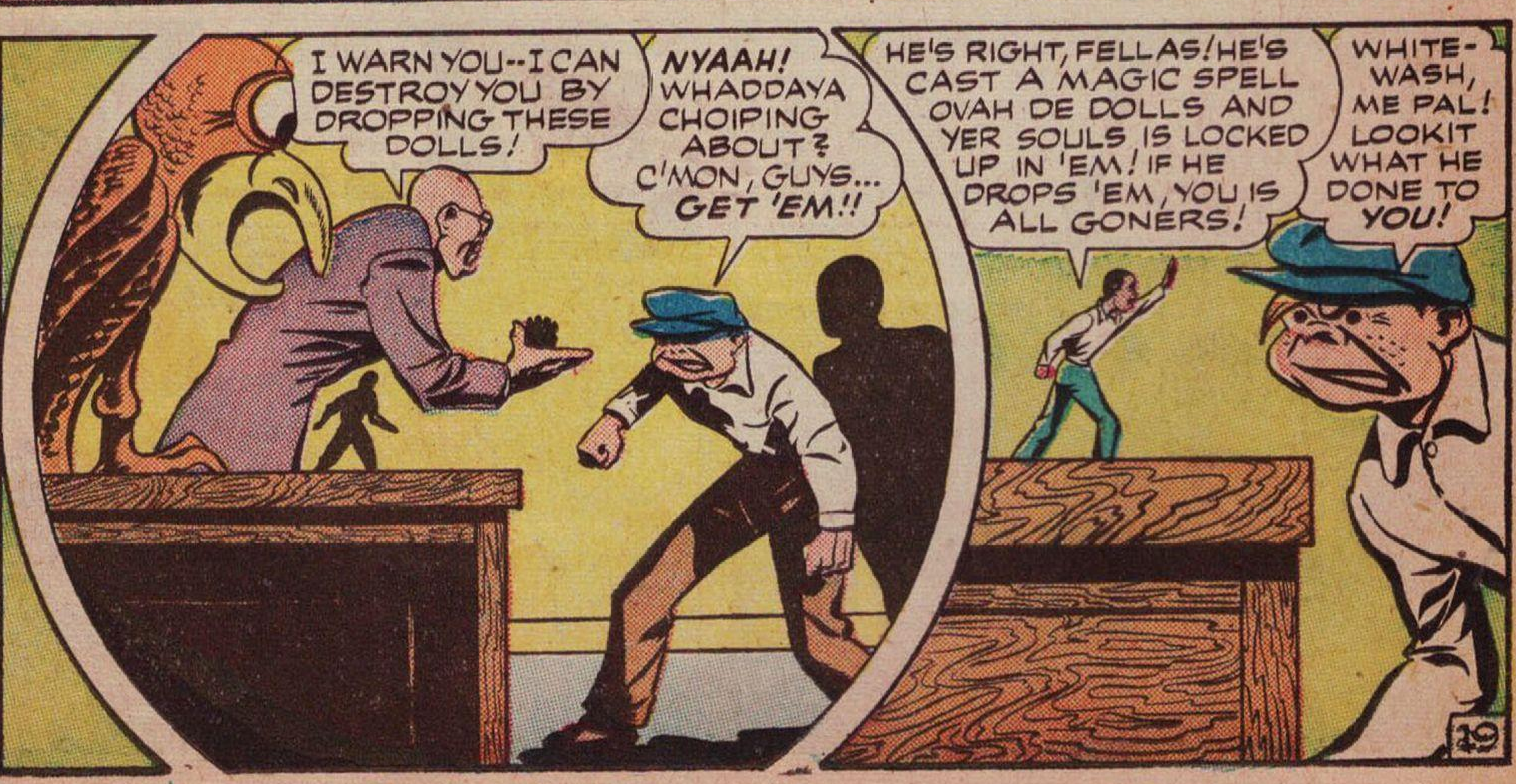
BUT AS THEY STEP INSIDE ...THE FLOOR GIVES WAY, AND THEY DROP MANY FEET BELOW---
YEOW
...AND LAND IN A RATHER UNDIGNIFIED HEAP ON THE FLOOR OF THE LOWER DUNGEONS!
HEY! GET YER FOOT OUTTA MY FACE!
LEGGO MY NECK!
OW!
BAM!
GOSH!--LOOK!! WE'RE TRAPPED IN A PIT!
YAAAH!! DIS ALWAYS HAPPENS TO US!
BUT TORO BURSTS INTO THE FLAME!
C'MON! FOLLOW ME!!
and BURNS AN EXIT THROUGH THE WALLS OF ROCK!
WHAT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT TORO?
LET'S NOT THINK ABOUT IT!
THIS WAY, GANG!
DOWN-- DOWN THEY GO... UNTIL THEY REACH WHAT SEEMS TO THEM THE VERY CENTER OF THE EARTH!
NICE PLACE THEY'VE GOT HERE!
YEH... DON'T WE RUN INTO THE SWELLEST JOINTS?

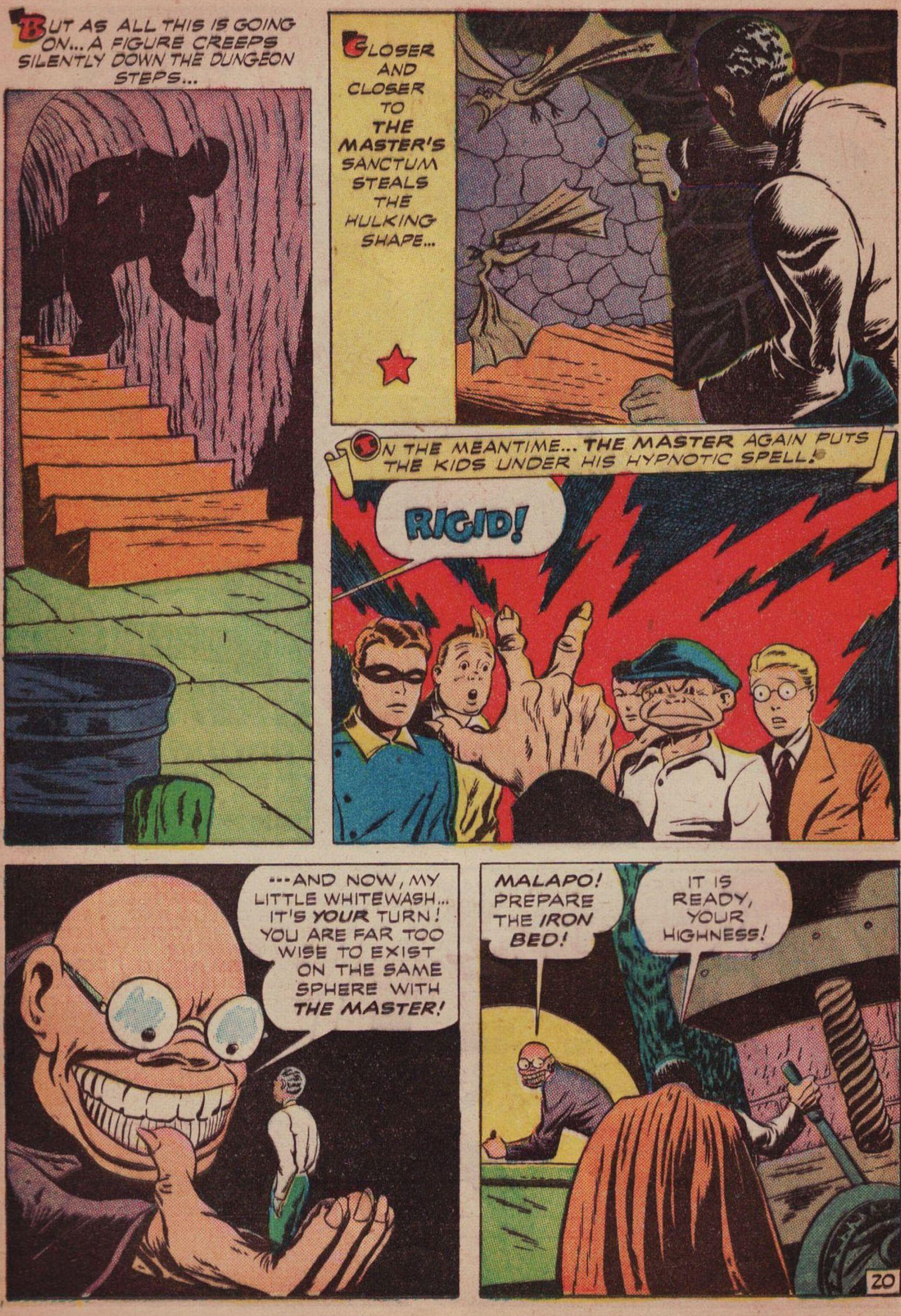

JUDAS PRIEST! LOOK AT THIS!!
NOW--YOUR MIND IS BLANK...YOU ARE MY **SLAVE**... MINE AND THE MASTER'S---
WAIT!!
LEMME AT DAT GINK! I'LL SHOW HIM WHO'S A SLAVE!
IT WOULD BE EXTREMELY DANGEROUS TO RUSH IN AND BREAK THE SPELL--THE SHOCK WOULD **KILL** YOUR FRIEND!
SUDDENLY A GREAT HIDEOUS SHADOW FALLS ON THE WALL OF THE DUNGEON!
WHO DARES INTERRUPT...
OH-H!
T-THE **MASTER!!**

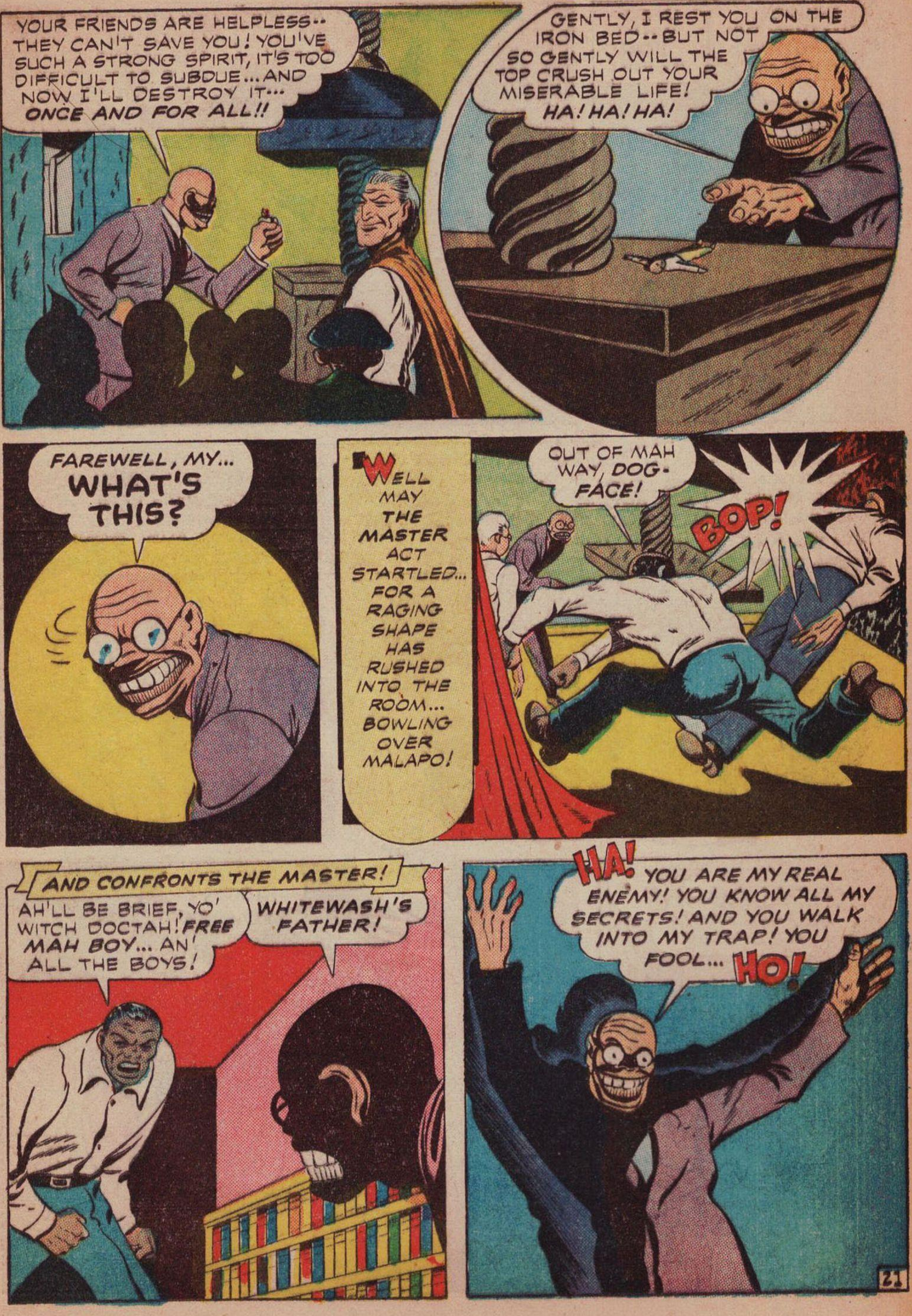

WOW!! DAT'S SOME SPOOKY CHARACTER!
WONDER WHO'S CASTING THAT SHADOW?
IT'S COMING FROM OVER THERE--
L-LOOK!! IT...IT'S...
YES...ADAM!! THE MASTER OF YOUR SOULS!
ADAM!
HA! YOU FELL INTO MY TRAP PERFECTLY! NOW I HAVE YOU ALL HERE!--SMART BOYS, EH? I THINK AT LAST YOU'VE MET YOUR CONQUERER! THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE THROUGH!! HA! HA! HA!
C'MON, GANG! LET'S RUSH DIS QUACK!
STOP!
...AND THE BOYS ARE STOPPED DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS... HYPNOTIZED!
HA! HA! HEEEEE!!!
BUT THE DOLL WITH WHITEWASH'S FEATURES HAS BEEN STRUGGLING TO GET OUT OF HIS JAR-PRISON...
AH HOPES NOBODY SEES ME!
A GOOD JOB, MASTER--MOST EXQUISITE!

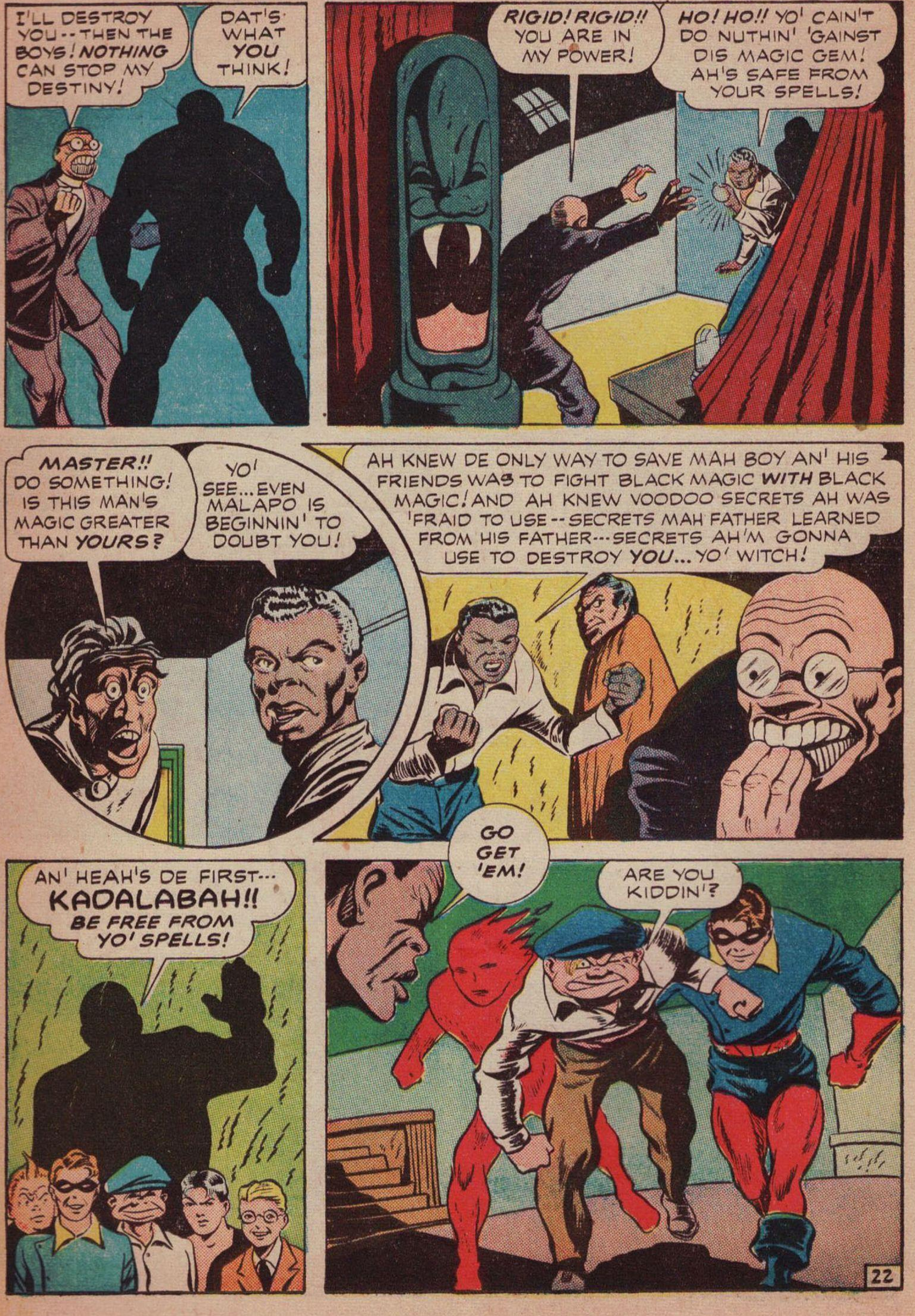

SLOWLY...CAREFULLY...HE CRAWLS ALONG THE LEDGE ABOVE THE MASTER'S HEAD...
THEIR WILLS ARE VERY STRONG! I MUST KEEP MY EYES ON THEM TO MAKE THEM SUBJECT TO MY HYPNOTISM!
JES' A LITTLE BIT MORE!
EH? WHAT'S THIS?
ATTABOY, WHITEWASH! GIVE 'IM DE WOIKS!
C'MON! HE TOOK HIS EYES AWAY! WE'RE NOT HYPNOTIZED ANY MORE!
MALAPO! HELP!!
YAHOO!
I COME, MASTER!
OH... YEAH?
WHO'S GONNA HELP WHO?
EEEH! RED MAGIC!
I'LL MOP UP DE FLOOR WID YA-- YA PUNK!!
WAIT!
I HAVE HERE...YOUR SOULS IMPRISONED IN THESE DOLL IMAGES! SUBMIT TO MY POWERS OR I SHALL DROP THEM AND DESTROY YOUR LIVES!
18

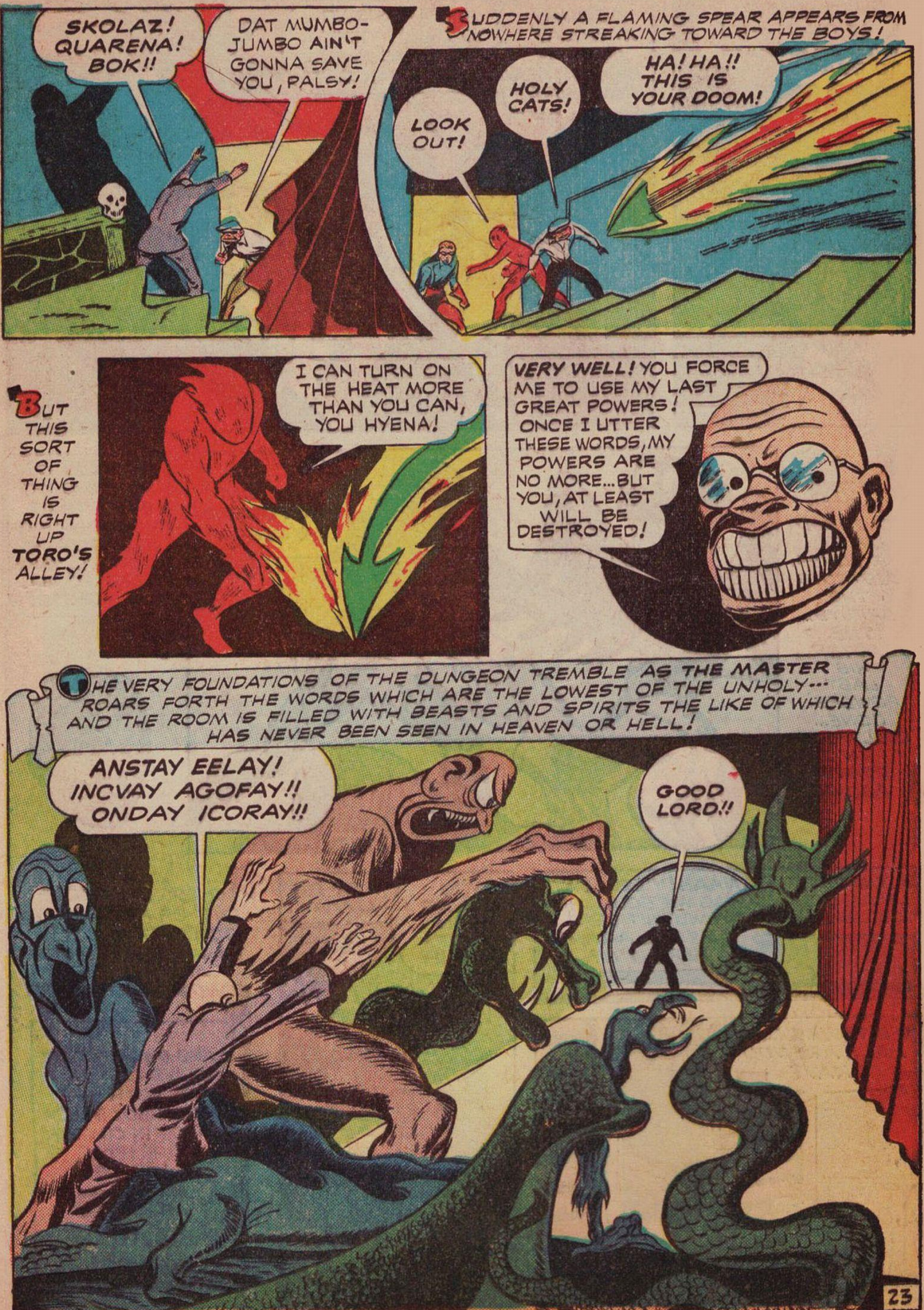

YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 4
"LAST OF THE VOODOO CULT!"

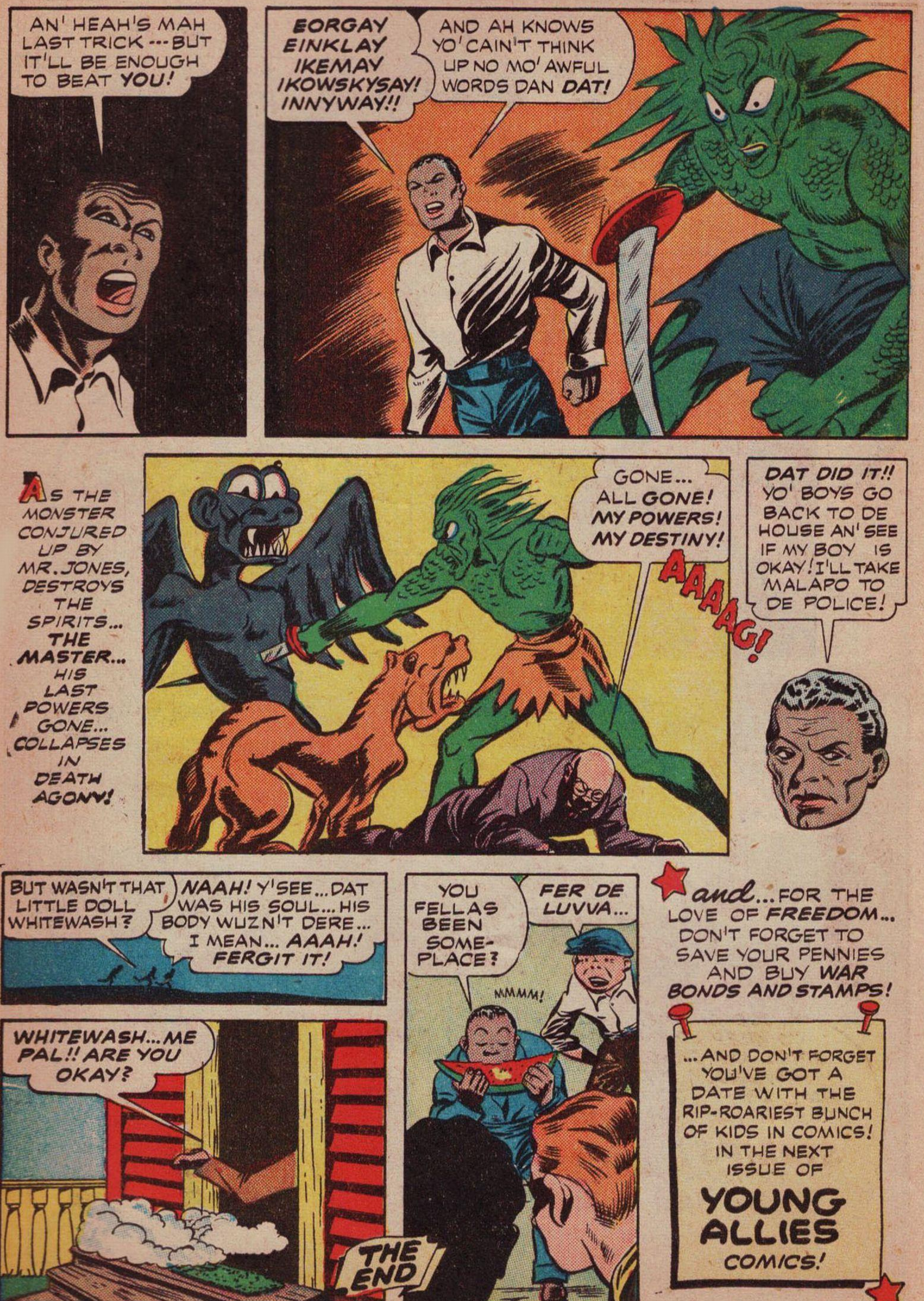

I WARN YOU--I CAN DESTROY YOU BY DROPPING THESE DOLLS!
NYAAH! WHADDAYA CHOIPING ABOUT? C'MON, GUYS... GET 'EM!!
HE'S RIGHT, FELLAS! HE'S CAST A MAGIC SPELL OVAH DE DOLLS AND YER SOULS IS LOCKED UP IN 'EM! IF HE DROPS 'EM, YOU IS ALL GONERS!
WHITE-WASH, ME PAL! LOOKIT WHAT HE DONE TO YOU!


BUT AS ALL THIS IS GOING ON... A FIGURE CREEPS SILENTLY DOWN THE DUNGEON STEPS...
CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE MASTER'S SANCTUM STEALS THE HULKING SHAPE...
IN THE MEANTIME... THE MASTER AGAIN PUTS THE KIDS UNDER HIS HYPNOTIC SPELL!
RIGID!
---AND NOW, MY LITTLE WHITEWASH... IT'S YOUR TURN! YOU ARE FAR TOO WISE TO EXIST ON THE SAME SPHERE WITH THE MASTER!
MALAPO! PREPARE THE IRON BED!
IT IS READY, YOUR HIGHNESS!

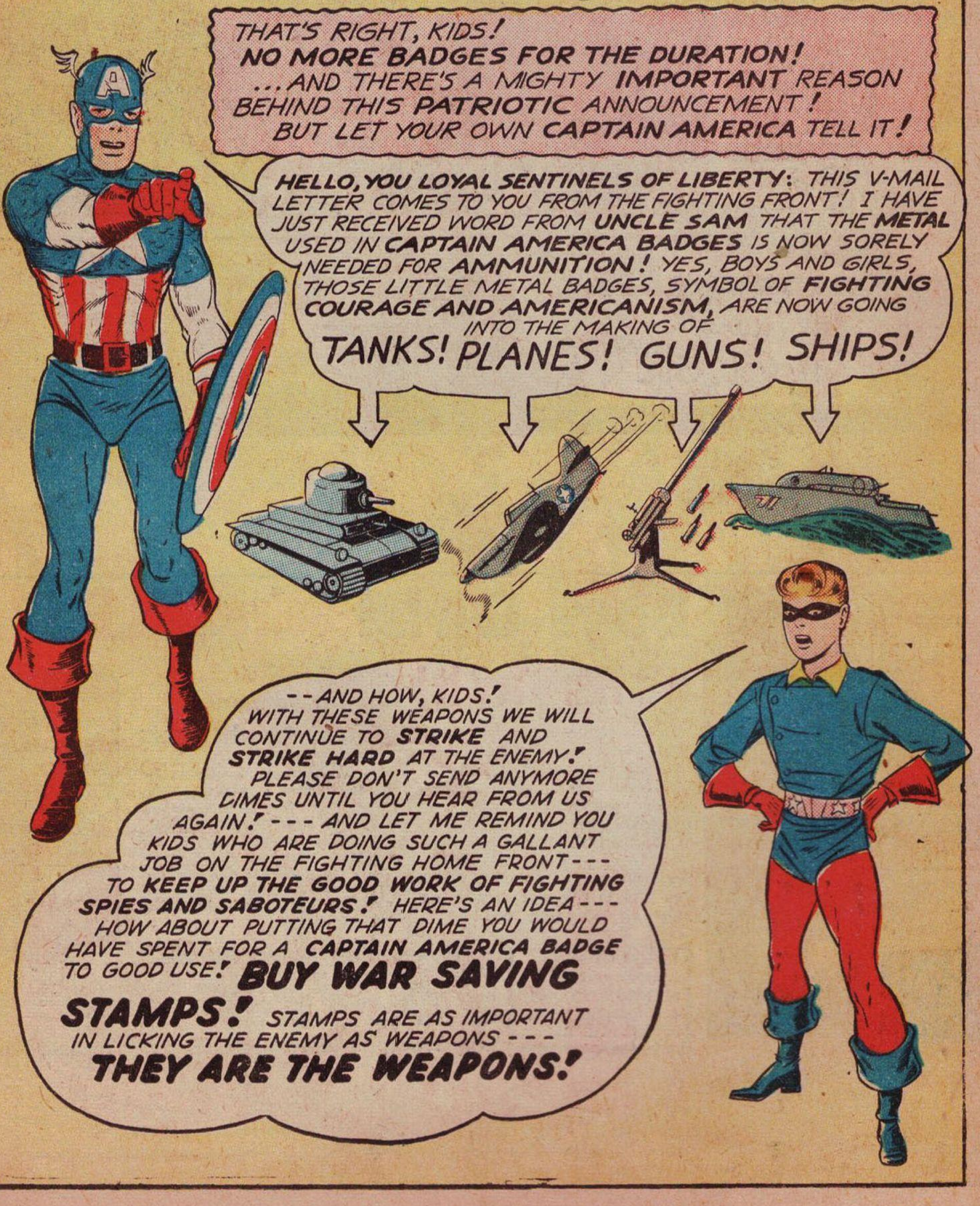

YOUR FRIENDS ARE HELPLESS -- THEY CAN'T SAVE YOU! YOU'VE SUCH A STRONG SPIRIT, IT'S TOO DIFFICULT TO SUBDUE... AND NOW I'LL DESTROY IT... *ONCE AND FOR ALL!!*
GENTLY, I REST YOU ON THE IRON BED -- BUT NOT SO GENTLY WILL THE TOP CRUSH OUT YOUR MISERABLE LIFE! *HA! HA! HA!*
FAREWELL, MY... **WHAT'S THIS?**
WELL MAY **THE MASTER** ACT *STARTLED... FOR A RAGING SHAPE HAS RUSHED INTO THE ROOM... BOWLING OVER MALAPO!*
OUT OF MAH WAY, *DOG-FACE!*
BOP!
AND CONFRONTS THE MASTER!
AH'LL BE BRIEF, YO' WITCH DOCTAH! *FREE MAH BOY... AN' ALL THE BOYS!*
WHITEWASH'S FATHER!
HA! YOU ARE MY REAL ENEMY! YOU KNOW ALL MY SECRETS! AND YOU WALK INTO MY TRAP! YOU FOOL... HO!

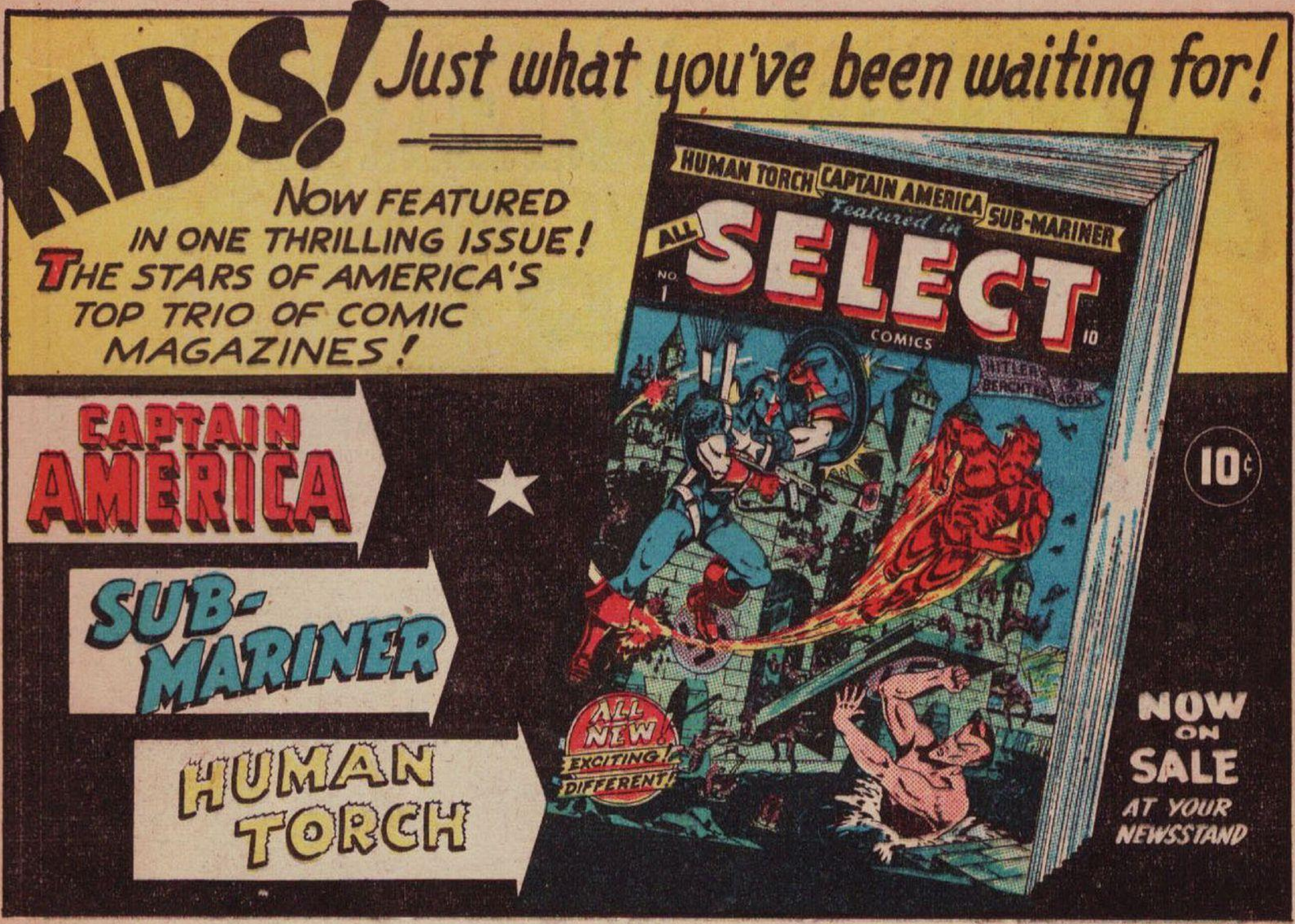

I'LL DESTROY YOU -- THEN THE BOYS! NOTHING CAN STOP MY DESTINY!
DAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
RIGID! RIGID!! YOU ARE IN MY POWER!
HO! HO!! YO' CAIN'T DO NUTHIN' 'GAINST DIS MAGIC GEM! AH'S SAFE FROM YOUR SPELLS!
MASTER!! DO SOMETHING! IS THIS MAN'S MAGIC GREATER THAN YOURS?
YO' SEE... EVEN MALAPO IS BEGINNIN' TO DOUBT YOU!
AH KNEW DE ONLY WAY TO SAVE MAH BOY AN' HIS FRIENDS WAS TO FIGHT BLACK MAGIC WITH BLACK MAGIC! AND AH KNEW VOODOO SECRETS AH WAS 'FRAID TO USE -- SECRETS MAH FATHER LEARNED FROM HIS FATHER --- SECRETS AH'M GONNA USE TO DESTROY YOU... YO' WITCH!
AN' HEAH'S DE FIRST--- KADALABAH!! BE FREE FROM YO' SPELLS!
GO GET 'EM!
ARE YOU KIDDIN'?


SKOLAZ! QUARENA! BOK!!
DAT MUMBO-JUMBO AIN'T GONNA SAVE YOU, PALSY!
SUDDENLY A FLAMING SPEAR APPEARS FROM NOWHERE STREAKING TOWARD THE BOYS!
HA! HA!! THIS IS YOUR DOOM!
HOLY CATS!
LOOK OUT!
BUT THIS SORT OF THING IS RIGHT UP TORO'S ALLEY!
I CAN TURN ON THE HEAT MORE THAN YOU CAN, YOU HYENA!
VERY WELL! YOU FORCE ME TO USE MY LAST GREAT POWERS! ONCE I UTTER THESE WORDS, MY POWERS ARE NO MORE...BUT YOU, AT LEAST WILL BE DESTROYED!
THE VERY FOUNDATIONS OF THE DUNGEON TREMBLE AS THE MASTER ROARS FORTH THE WORDS WHICH ARE THE LOWEST OF THE UNHOLY--- AND THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH BEASTS AND SPIRITS THE LIKE OF WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN IN HEAVEN OR HELL!
ANSTAY EELAY! INCVAY AGOFAY!! ONDAY ICORAY!!
GOOD LORD!!


AN' HEAH'S MAH LAST TRICK --- BUT IT'LL BE ENOUGH TO BEAT **YOU!**
EORGAY EINKLAY IKEMAY IKOWSKYSAY! INNYWAY!!
AND AH KNOWS YO' CAIN'T THINK UP NO MO' AWFUL WORDS DAN **DAT!**
AS THE MONSTER CONJURED UP BY MR. JONES, DESTROYS THE SPIRITS... **THE MASTER**... HIS LAST POWERS GONE... COLLAPSES IN DEATH AGONY!
GONE... ALL **GONE! MY POWERS! MY DESTINY!**
AAAAAG!
DAT DID IT!! YO' BOYS GO BACK TO DE HOUSE AN' SEE IF MY BOY IS OKAY! I'LL TAKE MALAPO TO DE POLICE!
BUT WASN'T THAT LITTLE DOLL WHITEWASH?
NAAH! Y'SEE... DAT WAS HIS SOUL... HIS BODY WUZN'T DERE... I MEAN... **AAAH! FERGIT IT!**
WHITEWASH... ME PAL!! ARE YOU OKAY?
YOU FELLAS BEEN SOME-PLACE?
FER DE LUVVA...
MMMM!
THE END
and... FOR THE LOVE OF **FREEDOM**... DON'T FORGET TO SAVE YOUR PENNIES AND BUY **WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!**
...AND DON'T FORGET YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE RIP-ROARIEST BUNCH OF KIDS IN COMICS! IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
YOUNG ALLIES COMICS!

CAPTAIN AMERICA BADGES HAVE GONE TO WAR!


THAT'S RIGHT, KIDS! NO MORE BADGES FOR THE DURATION! ...AND THERE'S A MIGHTY IMPORTANT REASON BEHIND THIS PATRIOTIC ANNOUNCEMENT! BUT LET YOUR OWN CAPTAIN AMERICA TELL IT!
HELLO, YOU LOYAL SENTINELS OF LIBERTY: THIS V-MAIL LETTER COMES TO YOU FROM THE FIGHTING FRONT! I HAVE JUST RECEIVED WORD FROM UNCLE SAM THAT THE METAL USED IN CAPTAIN AMERICA BADGES IS NOW SORELY NEEDED FOR AMMUNITION! YES, BOYS AND GIRLS, THOSE LITTLE METAL BADGES, SYMBOL OF FIGHTING COURAGE AND AMERICANISM, ARE NOW GOING INTO THE MAKING OF TANKS! PLANES! GUNS! SHIPS!
--AND HOW, KIDS! WITH THESE WEAPONS WE WILL CONTINUE TO STRIKE AND STRIKE HARD AT THE ENEMY! PLEASE DON'T SEND ANYMORE DIMES UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM US AGAIN! --- AND LET ME REMIND YOU KIDS WHO ARE DOING SUCH A GALLANT JOB ON THE FIGHTING HOME FRONT--- TO KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK OF FIGHTING SPIES AND SABOTEURS! HERE'S AN IDEA--- HOW ABOUT PUTTING THAT DIME YOU WOULD HAVE SPENT FOR A CAPTAIN AMERICA BADGE TO GOOD USE! BUY WAR SAVING STAMPS! STAMPS ARE AS IMPORTANT IN LICKING THE ENEMY AS WEAPONS --- THEY ARE THE WEAPONS!


HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
SUB-MARINER
ALL
Featured in
SELECT
NO. 1
COMICS
10
HITLER'S BERCHTESGADEN
ALL NEW EXCITING DIFFERENT!

KIDS! Just what you've been waiting for!

NOW FEATURED IN ONE THRILLING ISSUE! THE STARS OF AMERICA'S TOP TRIO OF COMIC MAGAZINES!

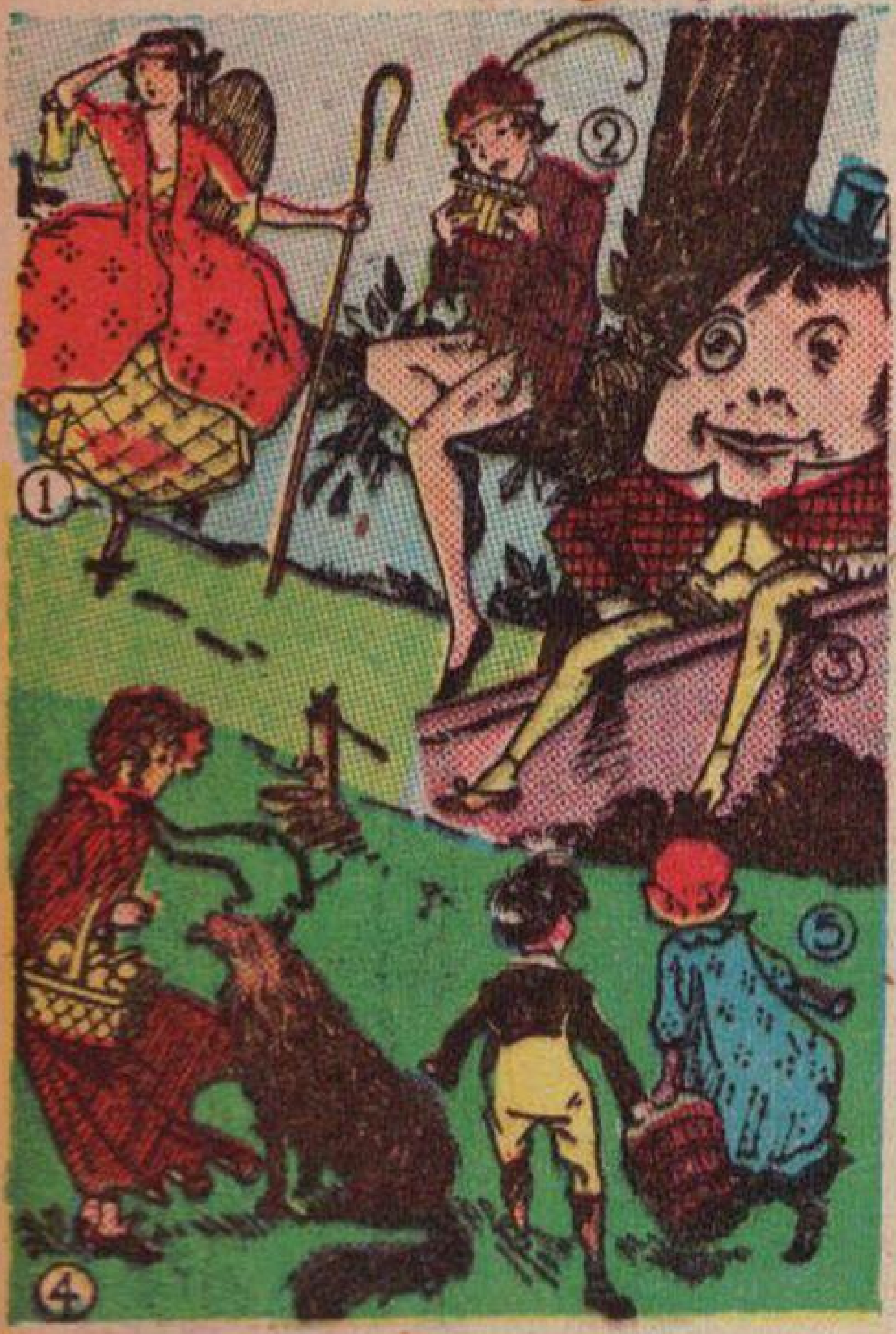
CAPTAIN AMERICA

SUB-MARINER

HUMAN TORCH

10¢

NOW ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND



Boys-Girls! Solve This Puzzle

It's Fun --Try It!

In this picture are several fairyland characters. Can you name them? It's easy! Untangle the letters below and put them in order so that each word is the name of one of the storybook folks. For example, the letters, "RPTEE APN," No. 2, when placed in the right order, spell "PETER PAN." You will find him in the picture with his pipes, playing a jolly tune.

1. TELTIL OB-EPEP
2. RPTEE APN
3. YHTUPM YDTUMP
4. EDR GNIIDR OOHD
5. CAKJ NAD ILLJ

Every Junior Salesman Gets a Candy Bank

Send me the name of each character in this happy fairyland family and become a member of the Junior Sales Club. I will tell you how to get this Candy Bank FREE.

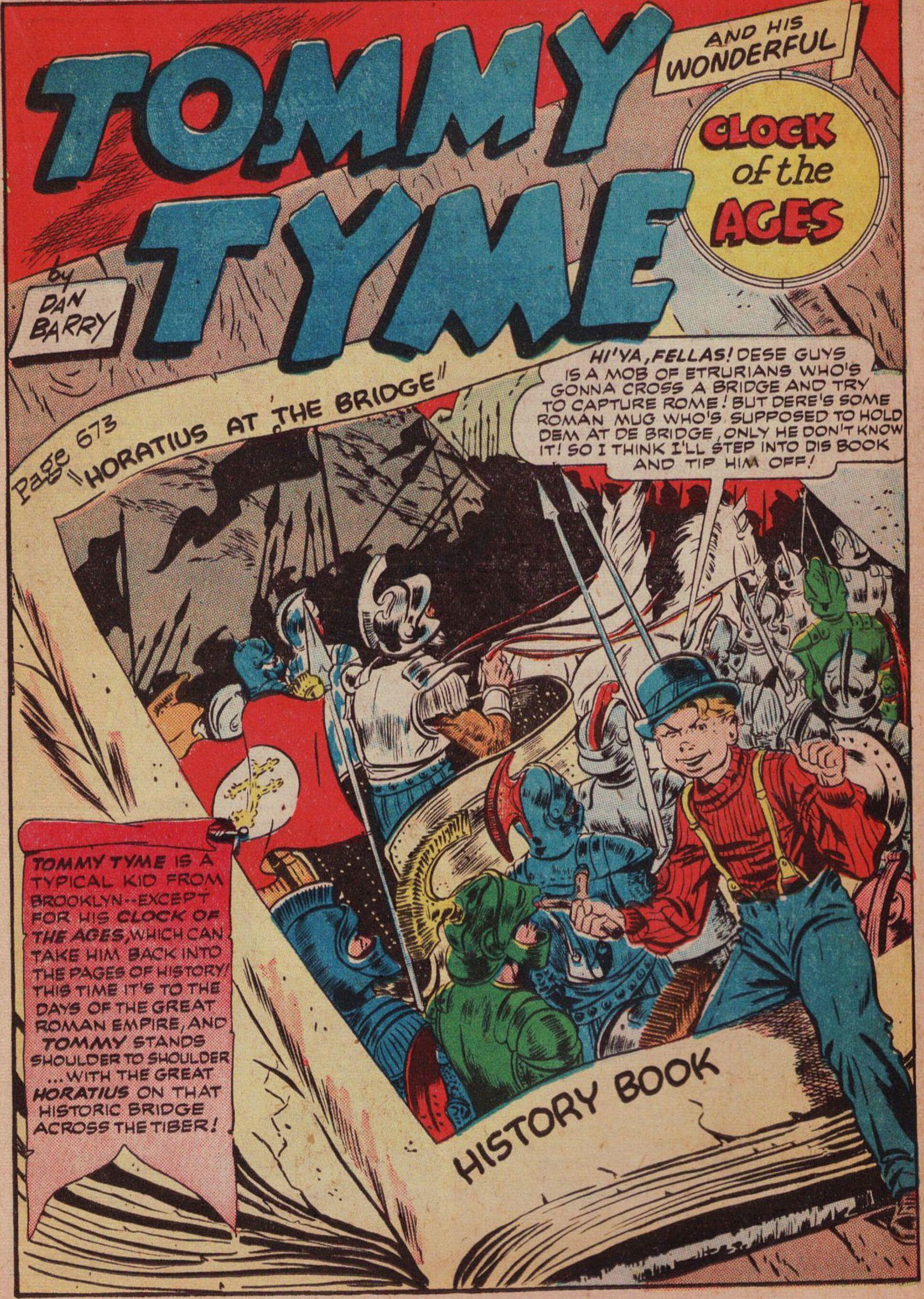
This bank contains tasty chocolate bars. When you drop a penny in the bank, you can pull open the drawer and there will be a delicious chocolate bar wrapped in tinfoil waiting for you.

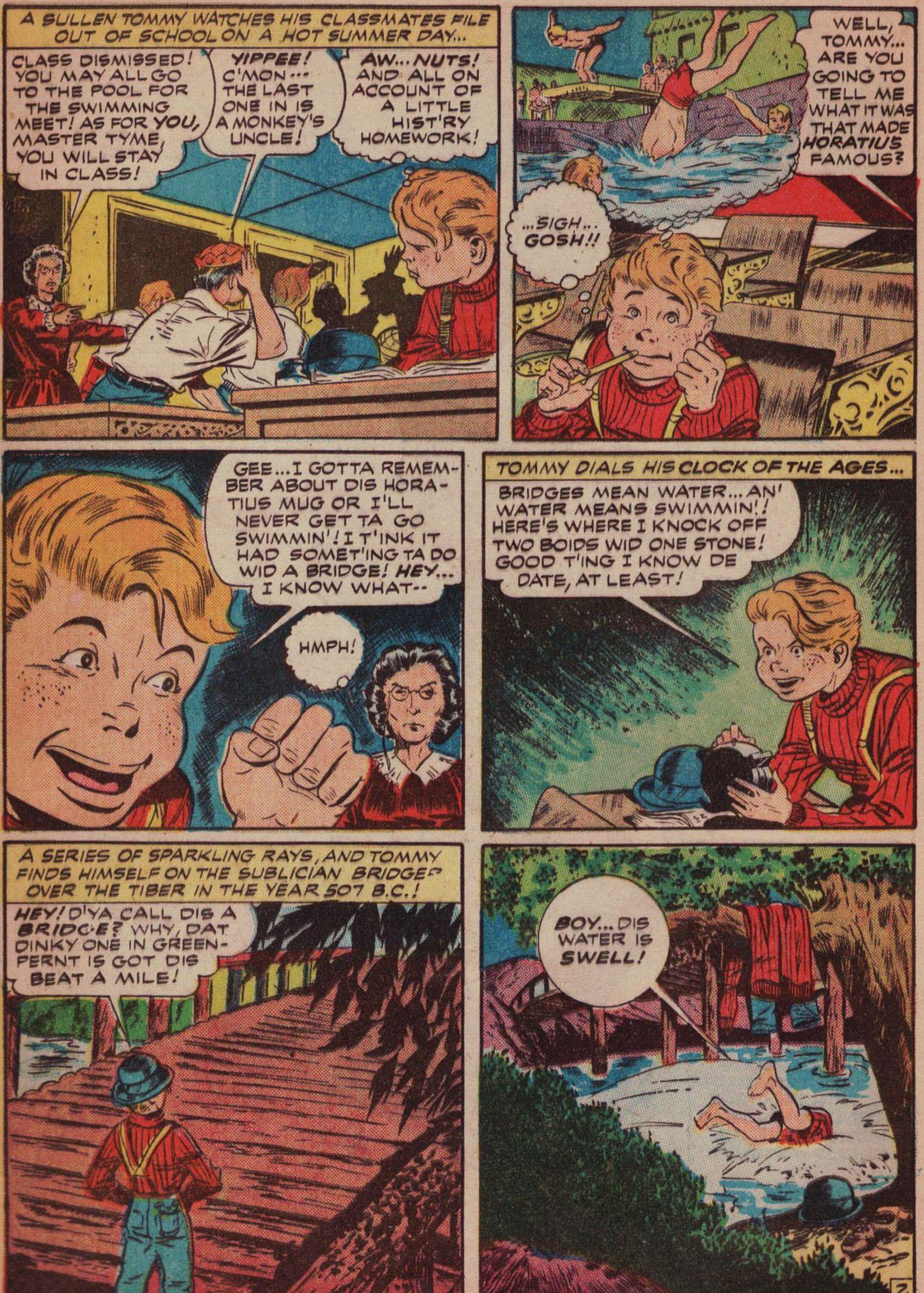
LITTLE
Sweet
THRIFT BANK

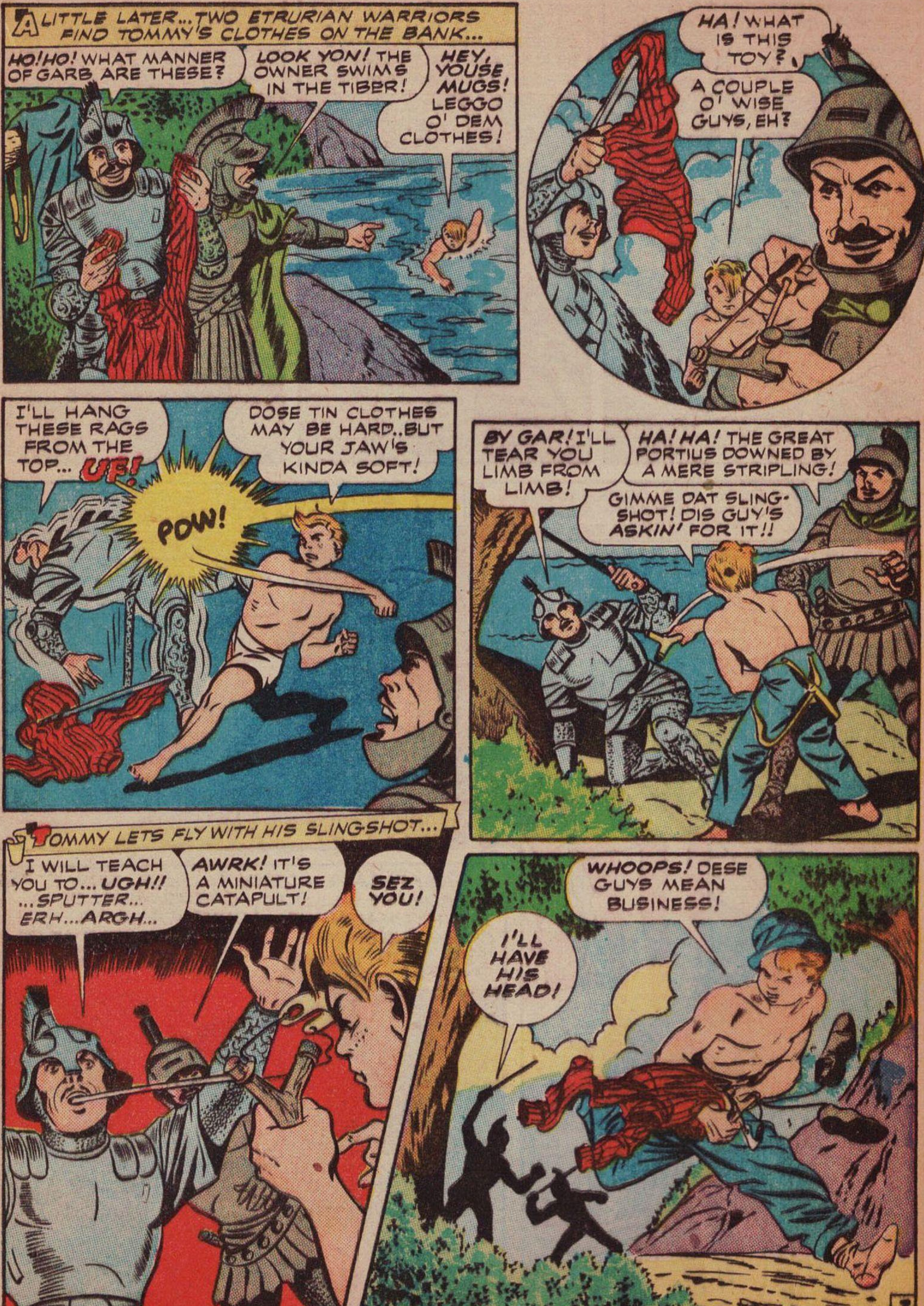
When You Solve Puzzle

Write the names of the fairyland folks on a penny postcard or a sheet of paper, then sign your name and address and give your age. Every boy and girl who sends in the names of these characters and joins my Junior Sales Club, will have an opportunity to get this bank FREE. Send your answer to

Billy Wade, Junior Sales Club 208 **Topeka, Kan.**

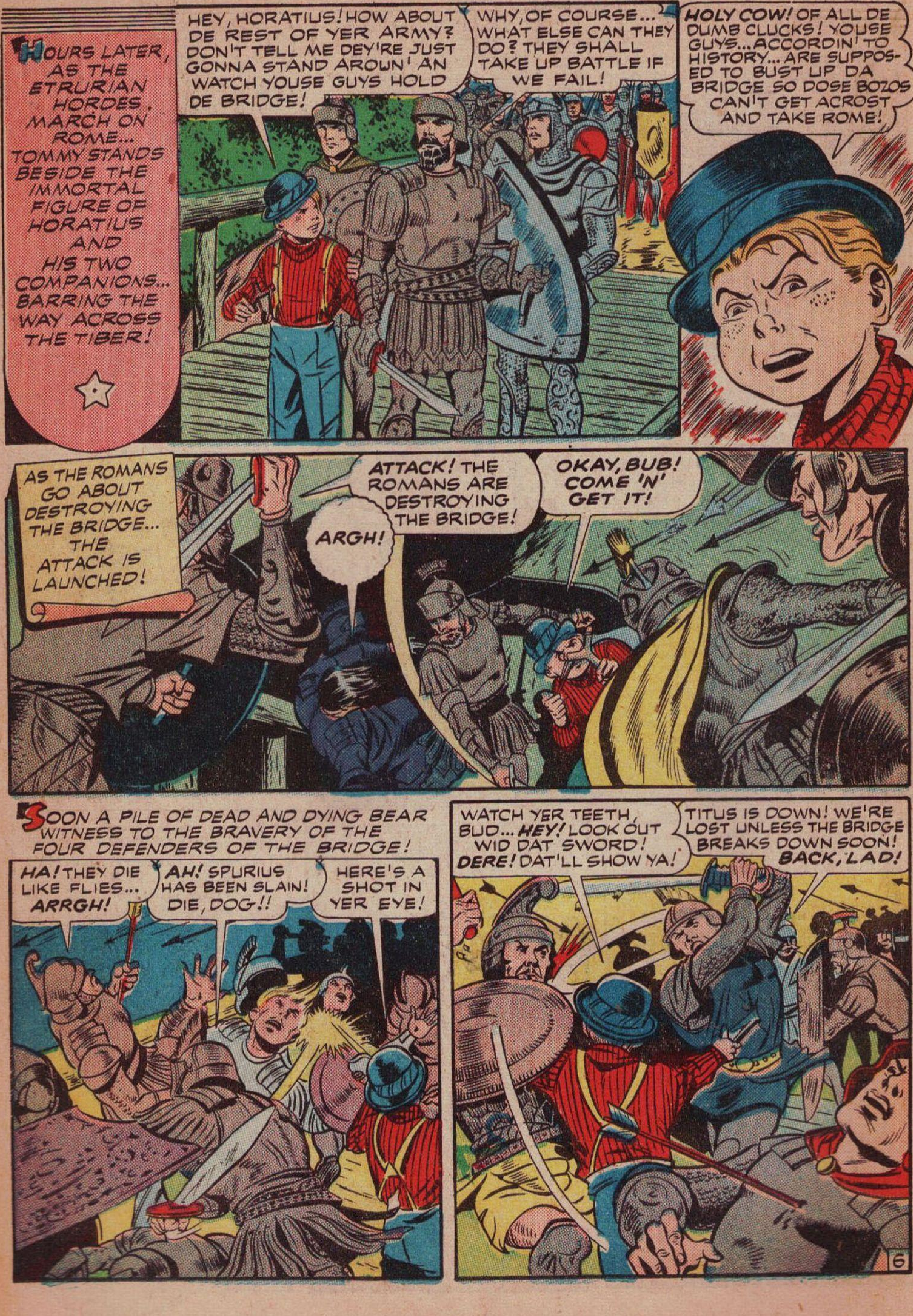

TOMMY TYME
AND HIS WONDERFUL
CLOCK of the AGES
by DAN BARRY
Page 673 "HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE"
HI'YA, FELLAS! DESE GUYS IS A MOB OF ETRURIANS WHO'S GONNA CROSS A BRIDGE AND TRY TO CAPTURE ROME! BUT DERE'S SOME ROMAN MUG WHO'S SUPPOSED TO HOLD DEM AT DE BRIDGE, ONLY HE DON'T KNOW IT! SO I THINK I'LL STEP INTO DIS BOOK AND TIP HIM OFF!
TOMMY TYME IS A TYPICAL KID FROM BROOKLYN--EXCEPT FOR HIS CLOCK OF THE AGES, WHICH CAN TAKE HIM BACK INTO THE PAGES OF HISTORY! THIS TIME IT'S TO THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ROMAN EMPIRE, AND TOMMY STANDS SHOULDER TO SHOULDER ...WITH THE GREAT HORATIUS ON THAT HISTORIC BRIDGE ACROSS THE TIBER!
HISTORY BOOK

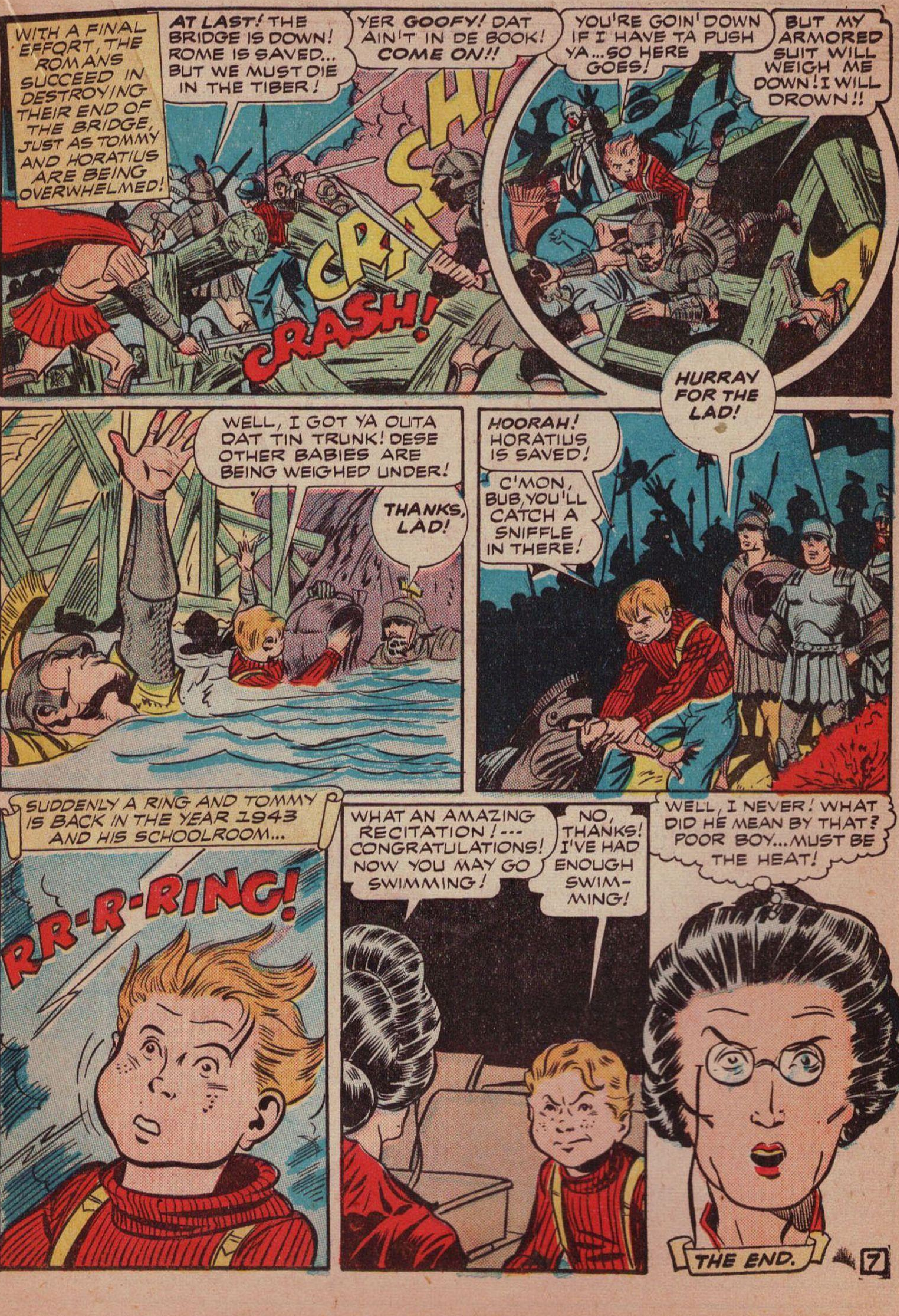

A SULLEN TOMMY WATCHES HIS CLASSMATES FILE OUT OF SCHOOL ON A HOT SUMMER DAY...
CLASS DISMISSED! YOU MAY ALL GO TO THE POOL FOR THE SWIMMING MEET! AS FOR *YOU*, MASTER TYME, YOU WILL STAY IN CLASS!
YIPPEE! C'MON... THE LAST ONE IN IS A MONKEY'S UNCLE!
AW... NUTS! AND ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A LITTLE HIST'RY HOMEWORK!
WELL, TOMMY... ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHAT IT WAS THAT MADE *HORATIUS* FAMOUS?
...SIGH... *GOSH!!*
GEE... I GOTTA REMEMBER ABOUT DIS HORATIUS MUG OR I'LL NEVER GET TA GO SWIMMIN'! I T'INK IT HAD SOMET'ING TA DO WID A BRIDGE! *HEY...* I KNOW WHAT--
HMPH!
TOMMY DIALS HIS CLOCK OF THE AGES...
BRIDGES MEAN WATER... AN' WATER MEANS SWIMMIN'! HERE'S WHERE I KNOCK OFF TWO BOIDS WID ONE STONE! GOOD T'ING I KNOW DE DATE, AT LEAST!
A SERIES OF SPARKLING RAYS, AND TOMMY FINDS HIMSELF ON THE SUBLICIAN BRIDGE OVER THE TIBER IN THE YEAR 507 B.C.!
HEY! D'YA CALL DIS A *BRIDGE*? WHY, DAT DINKY ONE IN GREENPERNT IS GOT DIS BEAT A MILE!
BOY... DIS WATER IS *SWELL!*
2


A LITTLE LATER...TWO ETRURIAN WARRIORS FIND TOMMY'S CLOTHES ON THE BANK...
HO! HO! WHAT MANNER OF GARB ARE THESE?
LOOK YON! THE OWNER SWIMS IN THE TIBER!
HEY, YOUSE MUGS! LEGGO O' DEM CLOTHES!
HA! WHAT IS THIS TOY?
A COUPLE O' WISE GUYS, EH?
I'LL HANG THESE RAGS FROM THE TOP... UF!
DOSE TIN CLOTHES MAY BE HARD..BUT YOUR JAW'S KINDA SOFT!
POW!
BY GAR! I'LL TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB!
HA! HA! THE GREAT PORTIUS DOWNED BY A MERE STRIPLING!
GIMME DAT SLING-SHOT! DIS GUY'S ASKIN' FOR IT!!
TOMMY LETS FLY WITH HIS SLING-SHOT...
I WILL TEACH YOU TO... UGH!! ...SPUTTER... ERH...ARGH...
AWRK! IT'S A MINIATURE CATAPULT!
SEZ YOU!
WHOOPS! DESE GUYS MEAN BUSINESS!
I'LL HAVE HIS HEAD!
3

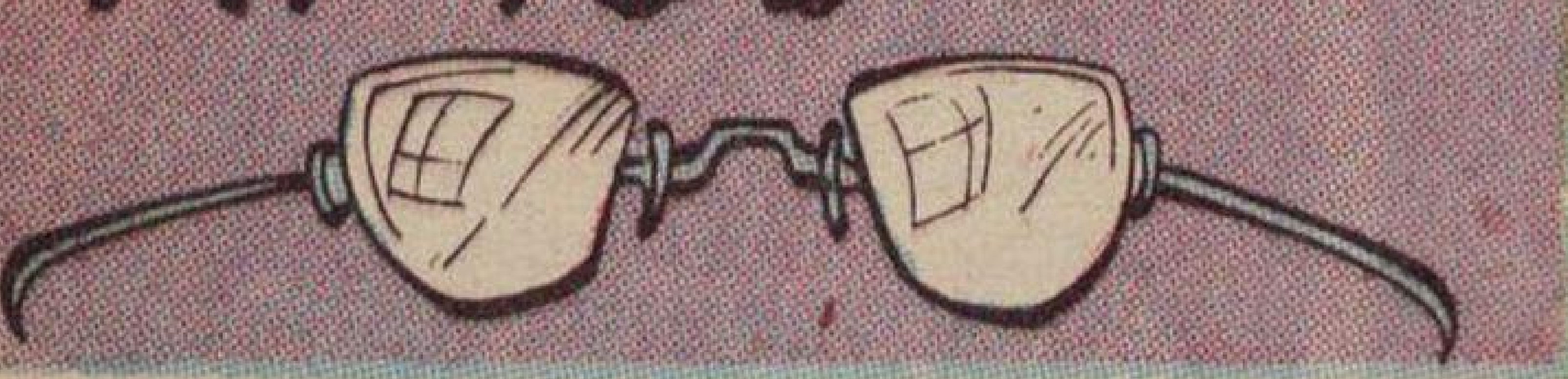
AS TOMMY CROSSES THE BRIDGE, HE TRIPS ON A LOOSE PLANK...
OOPS... DIS IS SOME TIME TO PULL A "BRODIE"!
HAH! NOW I HAVE YOU!
HOLD, PORTIUS! WOULD YOU HAVE IT SAID YOU SLEW A DEFENSELESS LAD? --- WE SHALL TAKE HIM TO OUR KING ...THE LAD MAY AMUSE HIM!
YA AIN'T TAKIN' ME NO PLACE, YA BIG APE!
TOMMY IS TAKEN BEFORE LARS ROSENA... KING OF THE ETRURIANS...
WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
WE FOUND HIM BATHING IN THE... OW!!
LEGGO O' ME, I SAID!
TOMMY CALMS DOWN AND LOOKS AROUND IN AMAZEMENT AT THE VAST ARMY ENCAMPED ON THE PLAIN NOT FAR FROM THE BRIDGE!
WHAT IS YOUR NAME? AND WHAT STRANGE LAND DO YOU COME FROM?
TOMMY TYME... OF BROOKLYN, U.S.A. -- AND NO WISE CRACKS! WHAT DA HECK ARE ALL DESE CANNED SARDINES DOIN'?
BROOKLYN, USA? SARDINES? YOU SPEAK A STRANGE TONGUE!
MAYBE YA DON'T KNOW IT, BUT DAT'S ENGLISH! NOW, GIVE OUT--- WHEN DOES THE PARADE START?
HA-HA! PARADE, INDEED! THE ROMANS WILL NOT THINK IT WHEN WE CROSS THE BRIDGE AND SACK ROME!
...GULP... NOW I REMEMBER! DESE GUYS ARE SUPPOSED TO GET STOPPED AT DE BRIDGE BY DIS GUY HORATIUS!

SUDDENLY TOMMY MAKES A DASH...
SEIZE HIM!
SO LONG, SUCKERS! I GOTTA DATE WID A MUG CALLED HORATIUS!
YAHOO! DIS IS JUST LIKE A FOOTBALL GAME!
OWW-W!! THAT LAD IS A DEMON!
TOMMY DOES SOME OPEN-FIELD RUNNING, MOWING DOWN THE CLUMSY WARRIORS... SOON HE REACHES THE EDGE OF THE CAMP...
...AND SOON OUTDISTANCES HIS PURSUERS!
...PUFF... PUFF... IT'S USELESS! WE SHALL NEVER CATCH HIM!
HE HAS ESCAPED ACROSS THE BRIDGE!
WHERE KIN I FIND A GUY NAMED HORATIUS, QUICK!
-WHAT MANNER OF SPEECH IS THIS?
I...I AM HORATIUS COCLES!--WHAT WANT YOU WITH ME?
MOMENTS LATER, TOMMY ARRIVES AT THE ROMAN CAMP...
AND THESE ARE SPURIUS AND TITUS, MY COMRADES-IN-ARMS!
YEAH, I KNOW... AND YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO STOP DEM MUGS FROM CROSSIN' DE BRIDGE!
SO YA BETTER GET OUT DERE QUICK--BEFORE DEY PULL A SNEAK, AN' MAKE A LIAR OUT O' DE HIST'RY BOOKS!
THIS LAD SPEAKS ODDLY! METHINKS HE TALKS OF THE ETRURIANS ACROSS THE BRIDGE!
5
MASTERLY! MARVELLOUS! THE LAD IS RIGHT! WHY WAIT FOR THE ETRURIANS TO CROSS THE BRIDGE? WE CAN HOLD THEM! THEY'LL NEVER PASS...THE BRIDGE IS TOO NARROW!


HOURS LATER, AS THE ETRURIAN HORDES, MARCH ON ROME... TOMMY STANDS BESIDE THE IMMORTAL FIGURE OF HORATIUS AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS... BARRING THE WAY ACROSS THE TIBER!
HEY, HORATIUS! HOW ABOUT DE REST OF YER ARMY? DON'T TELL ME DEY'RE JUST GONNA STAND AROUN' AN WATCH YOUSE GUYS HOLD DE BRIDGE!
WHY, OF COURSE... WHAT ELSE CAN THEY DO? THEY SHALL TAKE UP BATTLE IF WE FAIL!
HOLY COW! OF ALL DE DUMB CLUCKS! YOUSE GUYS... ACCORDIN' TO HISTORY... ARE SUPPOSED TO BUST UP DA BRIDGE SO DOSE BOZOS CAN'T GET ACROST AND TAKE ROME!
AS THE ROMANS GO ABOUT DESTROYING THE BRIDGE... THE ATTACK IS LAUNCHED!
ATTACK! THE ROMANS ARE DESTROYING THE BRIDGE!
ARGH!
OKAY, BUB! COME 'N' GET IT!
SOON A PILE OF DEAD AND DYING BEAR WITNESS TO THE BRAVERY OF THE FOUR DEFENDERS OF THE BRIDGE!
HA! THEY DIE LIKE FLIES... ARRGH!
AH! SPURIUS HAS BEEN SLAIN! DIE, DOG!!
HERE'S A SHOT IN YER EYE!
WATCH YER TEETH, BUD... HEY! LOOK OUT WID DAT SWORD! DERE! DAT'LL SHOW YA!
TITUS IS DOWN! WE'RE LOST UNLESS THE BRIDGE BREAKS DOWN SOON! BACK, LAD!


WITH A FINAL EFFORT, THE ROMANS SUCCEED IN DESTROYING THEIR END OF THE BRIDGE, JUST AS TOMMY AND HORATIUS ARE BEING OVERWHELMED!
AT LAST! THE BRIDGE IS DOWN! ROME IS SAVED... BUT WE MUST DIE IN THE TIBER!
YER GOOFY! DAT AIN'T IN DE BOOK! COME ON!!
CRASH!
CRASH!
YOU'RE GOIN' DOWN IF I HAVE TA PUSH YA...SO HERE GOES!
BUT MY ARMORED SUIT WILL WEIGH ME DOWN! I WILL DROWN!!
WELL, I GOT YA OUTA DAT TIN TRUNK! DESE OTHER BABIES ARE BEING WEIGHED UNDER!
THANKS, LAD!
HURRAY FOR THE LAD!
HOORAH! HORATIUS IS SAVED!
C'MON, BUB, YOU'LL CATCH A SNIFFLE IN THERE!
SUDDENLY A RING AND TOMMY IS BACK IN THE YEAR 1943 AND HIS SCHOOLROOM...
RR-R-RING!
WHAT AN AMAZING RECITATION! --- CONGRATULATIONS! NOW YOU MAY GO SWIMMING!
NO, THANKS! I'VE HAD ENOUGH SWIMMING!
WELL, I NEVER! WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT? POOR BOY... MUST BE THE HEAT!
THE END.

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU



TURNING the bolt, Chet opened the door, stepped inside and reached hurriedly for his glasses before the warm air hit and they fogged over. Somebody ought to invent windshield wipers for them.

A VOICE rasped, "Time you was getting here," and a beam of light licked out through the darkness and struck Chet in the eyes. "When company calls you're supposed to be home!"

Chet blinked into the light, clumsily getting the glasses back onto his nose to peer at the bulky body beyond them.

"What do you want?" Chet demanded, making a gigantic effort to keep his voice steady. "There's nothing here—"

"You're here, ain't you?" the big man snapped, stepping aside to turn on the light over the sink. "Just call me Butch. Rustle some chow and then we'll talk."

"Spill it first!" Chet snapped.

Butch rasped, "Want to start something? Go right ahead."

Chet felt his body trembling. Sweat sopped his hands and he wiped them against his pants. Butch was broad, muscular. He looked dangerous standing there, his dirty face half covered by his peaked cap. He was a stranger to Chet.

"I've got nothing," the young fellow insisted, getting himself in hand, deciding that this was no time to try anything.

Butch yanked out a chair and sat down heavily, sucking air through his front teeth with a jerky motion of his lips. "Y'got something I need, or I wouldn't be here. Get the grub cooking."

"WHAT do you want of me?" he demanded again, when Butch had swilled down three cups of strong coffee and looked somewhat appeased. "Whatever it is—"

"Y'know where old Dan Trainer's hanging out!" the big man snapped. "I've gotta find 'im. He's got something I want. I saw you delivering papers a couple of times. You met him at a corner when he was going to work—"

"No!" Chet said sharply. "You've gotta leave him alone. He's just back in harness. He was doing guard duty at old Professor Hazzard's until the old man was . . . saaaay—"

"Skip it!" Butch warned menacingly. "Where's Dan living?"

Chet drew a deep breath. His hands shook so he had to hold his cup between both of them.

"Elm Street," he muttered finally. "What're you going to do?"

Butch reached out to the stove and filled his cup from the coffee pot. It was getting down to the bottom and the grounds were thick. He poked at them kind of thoughtfully with his spoon. He muttered, "Dan's been at the Professor's a long time. The old guy was doing some special work for the government, inventing synthetic rubber that was supposed to be the nuts! When the old guy got tangled up with the business end of a .45, the dope about this rubber wasn't around, see? But Dan knows plenty. Besides—Dan and me—we're old friends. And I've an old score to settle. Kill two birds with one brick!"

CHET took another gulp of coffee. Knowing what Butch wanted, what he'd come here for, didn't help any. So, Butch had a score to settle. He looked like the kind of guy who'd nurse a grudge till he got a chance and then strike back—from behind!

Chet stumbled to his feet and started to clear off the table. He was aware only of the burning necessity to thwart Butch's plans, to throw him off the trail, at least to warn Dan Trainer—

"Get your duds on," Butch ordered suddenly. "Leave them dishes for later. I got business to tend to!"

He fished out a crumpled cigarette, went to the range and leaned over to light it through the top.

Chet leaped. It was desperate and crazy but he dove for the big man in a flying tackle. Butch turned around but not in time to unholster his gun. He bellowed with rage and pain when the force of Chet's tackle flung him back against the range. He arched his big body violently, giving Chet the heel of his hand in the face, jarring Chet back on his heels long enough for him to get away from the stove.

"Blast your hide!" Butch bellowed. "Burn the britches off me—"

Chet leaped in. He snatched up the coal bucket and swung it. Butch dodged out of the way just in time. He swung a short jab that caught Chet as he slid by, slamming him sidewise against the table. Before Chet could recover, Butch slammed another blow in that sent him sprawling clear across the table, onto the floor on the opposite side. Cups clattered about Chet, his glasses came off, to go skidding across the floor. . . .

He crawled blindly toward them, but Butch kicked him savagely in the side and snatched up the precious glasses.

BUTCH snapped: "I'm wearing 'em. They'll make it easier fer me to see my old pal Dan! He'll remember me better with specs, anyhow. Come on now. Get up and get going. My junk's out in the back alley. You're taking me to wherever old Dan Trainer is!"

It was dark outside. They moved through the chill night, Chet in front. Butch wasn't taking any chances.

Headlights glowed in back of them and Butch snarled, "Step on it, kid! You try anything funny—"

A car idled past them and Chet saw the green and white of a police car. They were looking back—

Butch yanked open the door of his car. "Get in!" he snarled. "Fast!" He slid behind the wheel of the car, stepped on the starter. Butch's car didn't look like much, but the motor told the story. It kicked into life instantly.

Chet peered back and his heart leaped as he saw the police car heading back after them. Butch saw them, too, for he opened the throttle and the machine hurtled around a corner on two wheels. Behind them sounded the sudden wail of a siren and other tires screamed under pressure as the police job took the corners in fast pursuit.

THEY were going down a street, around another corner. Suddenly glass tinkled and spattered back from the windshield. Chet crouched down. A moment later the police car hurtled past along the street and Butch headed back in the opposite direction with an elated chuckle!

Chet couldn't see much, just a blur of houses along the street. He knew by the smell of water that they were near the river. He realized dully that all chance was gone now, that Butch had outstepped the cops and was now free to go ahead with his planned mission. The secret formula, death to follow—

Butch growled, "If you're gonna get stubborn—"

"Straight ahead to Elm," Chet whispered. "If this is Beach we're on. . . . I can't see—"

"I'll keep the glasses. We turn into Elm and then what?"

"Straight out to the edge of town. Dan's got a place there."

Butch found the cottage. He drove past and parked up a ways. "Get out," Butch ordered. "Nix! This side—"

Chet slid past the wheel, thrust his feet through the door. Butch peered away and instantly Chet grasped the edge of the body frame. He launched himself at Butch, stuffing his feet deep into his captor's midriff.

Butch doubled over, but grabbed Chet's heel and yanked him out onto the ground.

He pulled free and leaped up, tried to dodge past Butch but he couldn't see well enough without his specks and misjudged the distance. Butch lashed out, slamming Chet staggering back against the car.

Chet slid to the ground, his mind spinning. Then Butch turned and slid toward the cottage. Moonlight glinted on the revolver in his hand. He crept up to the door, reached for the knob. . . .

WILDLY, Chet groped to his feet to follow. Peering after Butch, he saw the killer take hold of the knob, saw his gun pointed straight ahead. But it was all scrambled up, blurred—before his straining eyes.

Light poured forth as Butch opened the door and leaped across the threshold. Next instant he cursed and clawed at his face, and a moment later the blast of a gun drowned out the hoarse yell. He staggered back and crumpled down onto the path, his ugly body twisted grotesquely.

Dan Trainer leaped out, clutching his service revolver. He saw Chet struggling toward them and leaped forward. "Chet! What in blazes is this?"

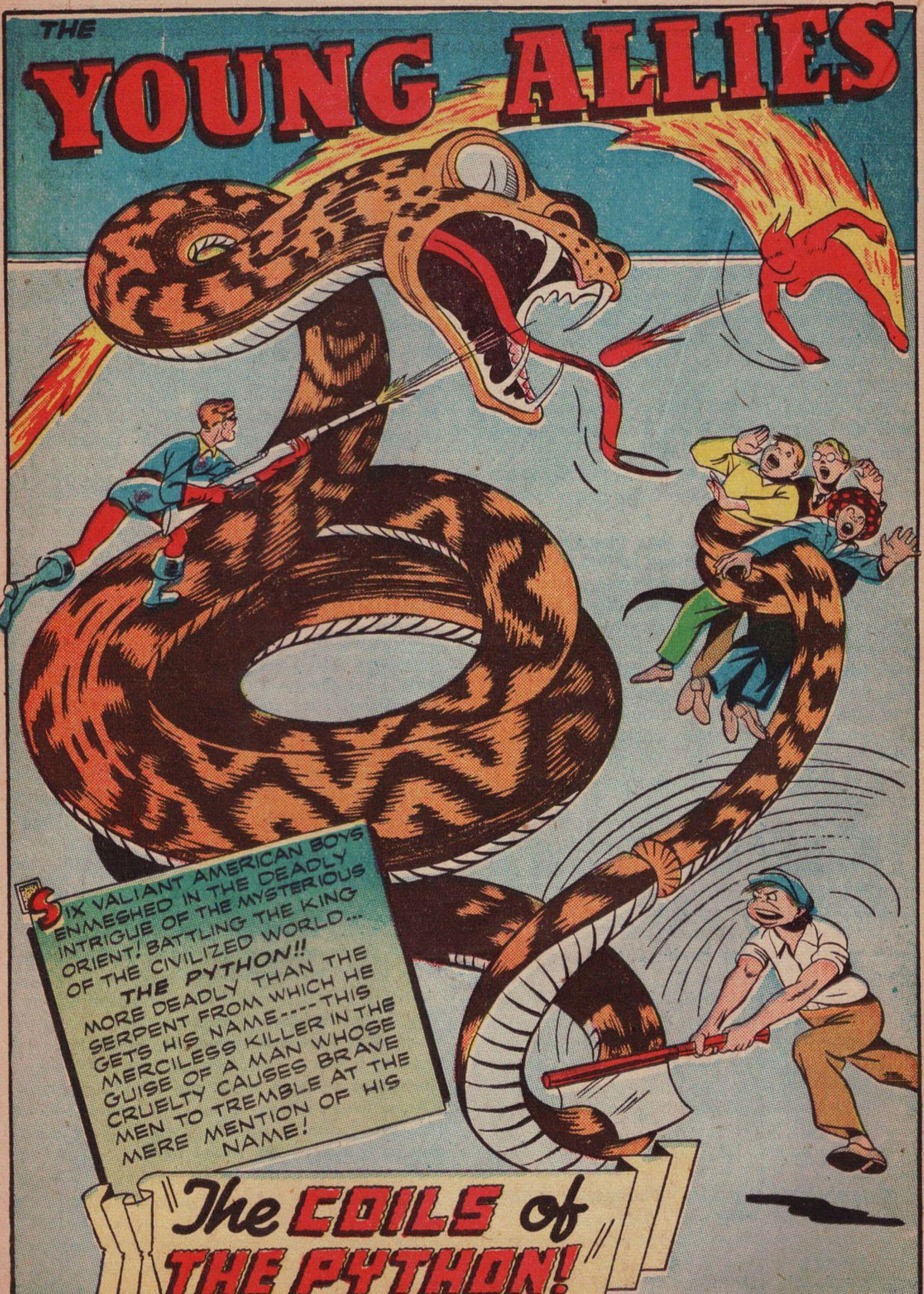
"It's Butch," Chet babbled. "After you, the professor's formula—"

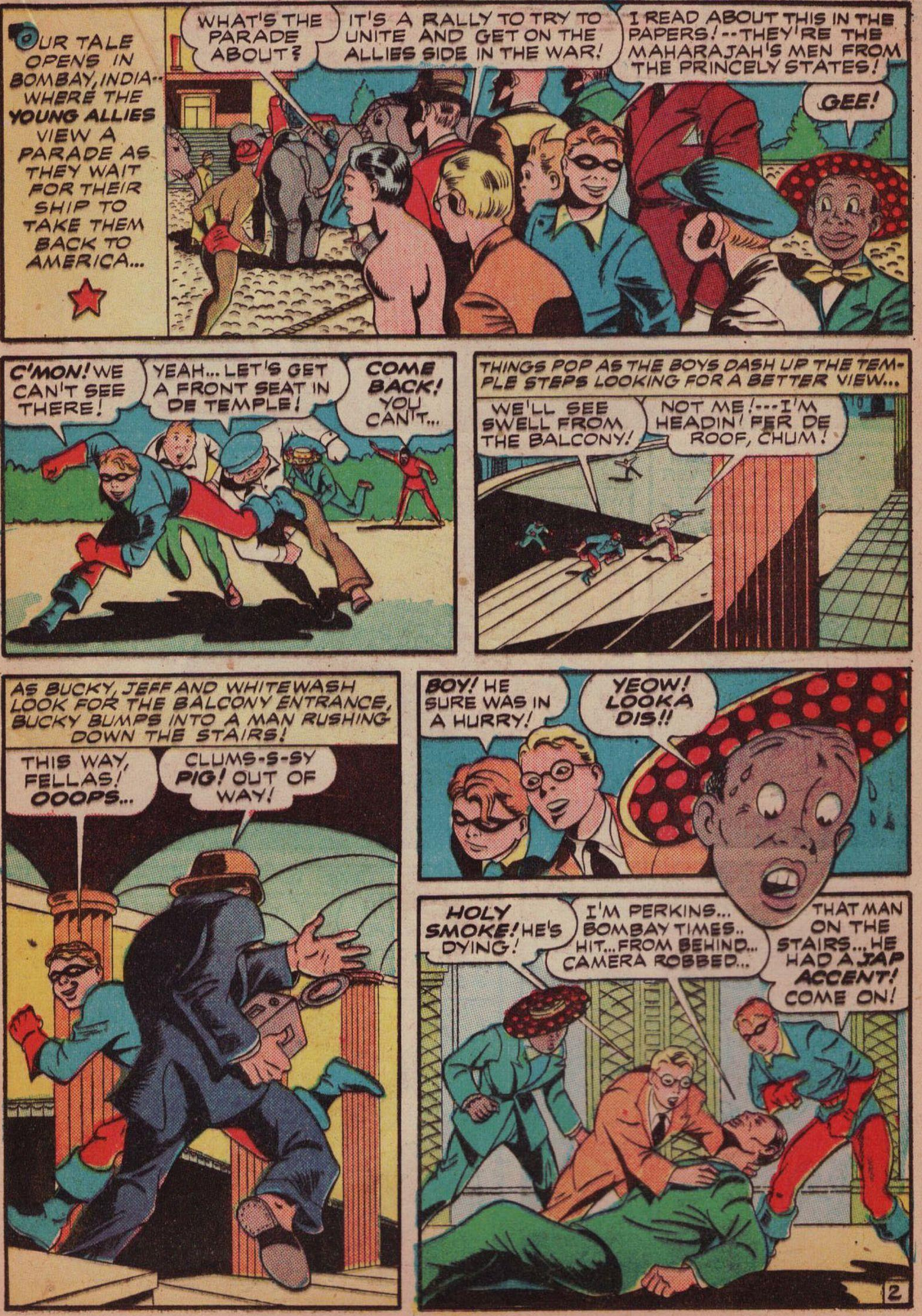
The light caught a reflection. Chet hobbled forward and picked up his glasses from where they'd fallen on the path. He heaved a sigh of relief to find them unbroken.

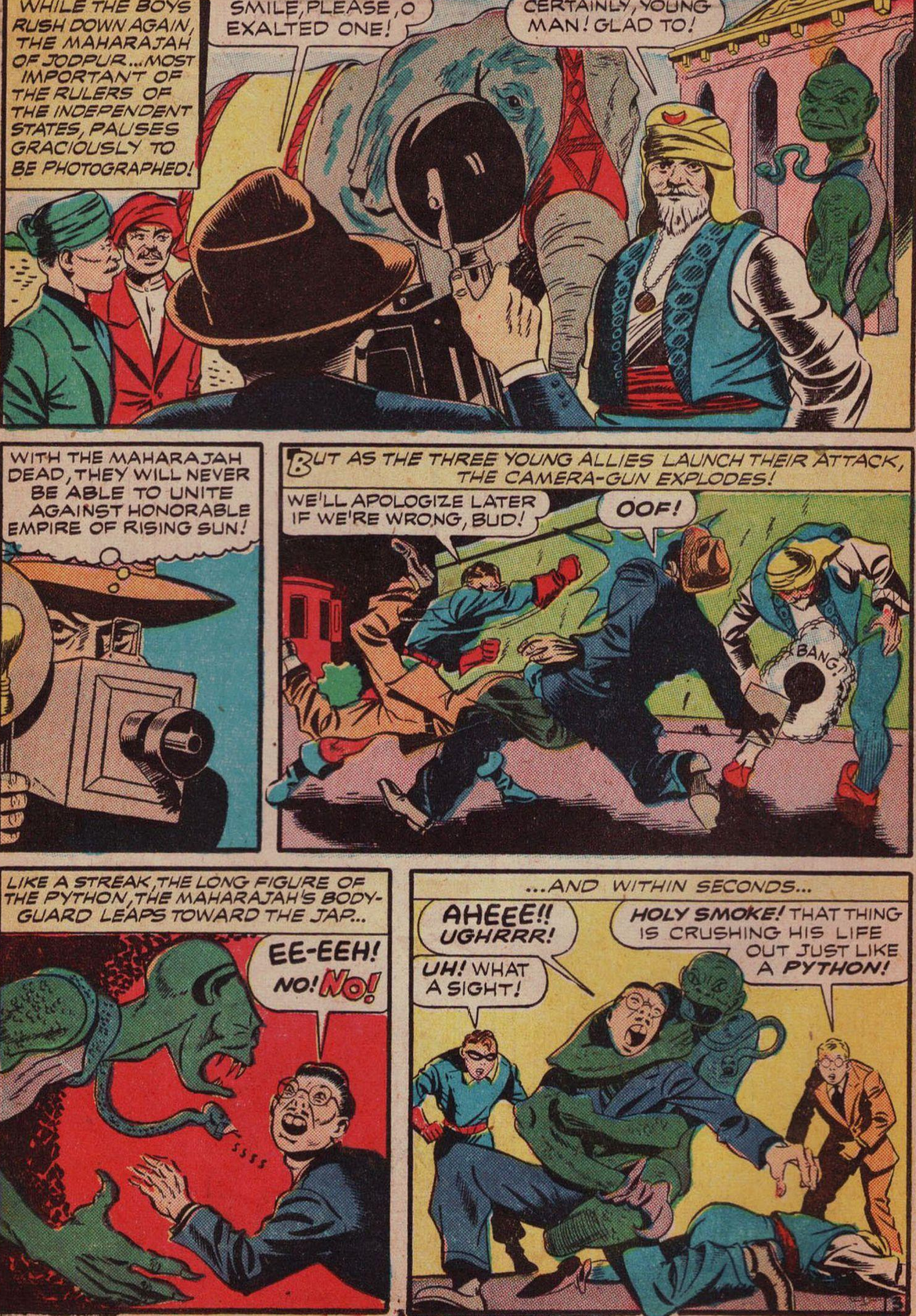
"It's Butch all right," Dan admitted grimly. "He killed Professor Hazzard. He was also aware that I knew he'd done it! That's why he tried to bump me off. Probably hoped to get the rubber formula at the same time. Figured I knew where it was. Funny. I wouldn't have recognized him so quickly without his glasses. But he couldn't seem to see me!"

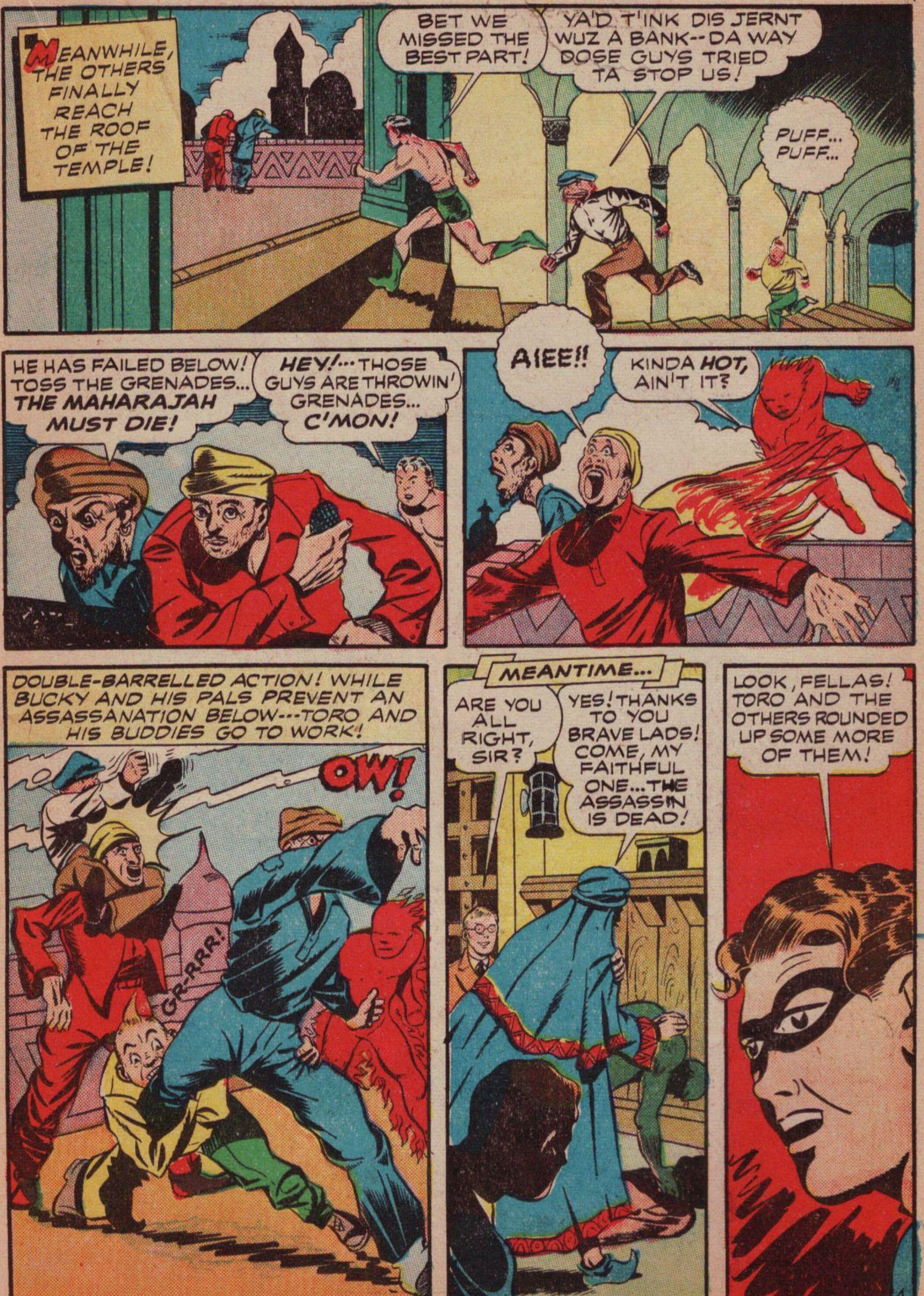
Chet said shakily, "The glasses . . . he took 'em just so he could see you better! Only . . . they fog over when you come out of the cold into a warm room. That's what happened here. *That's* why he couldn't see you at all!"

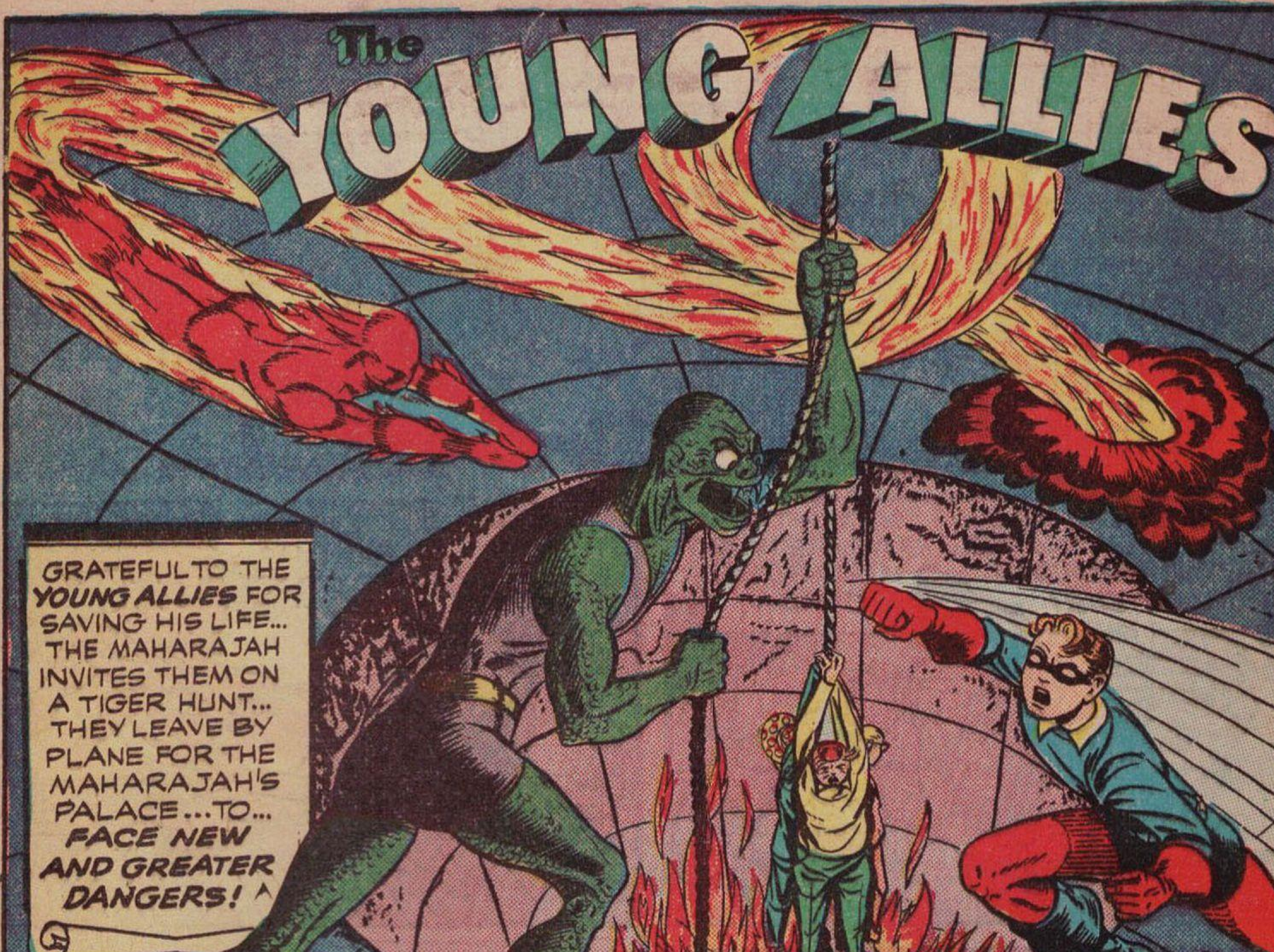
THE END.

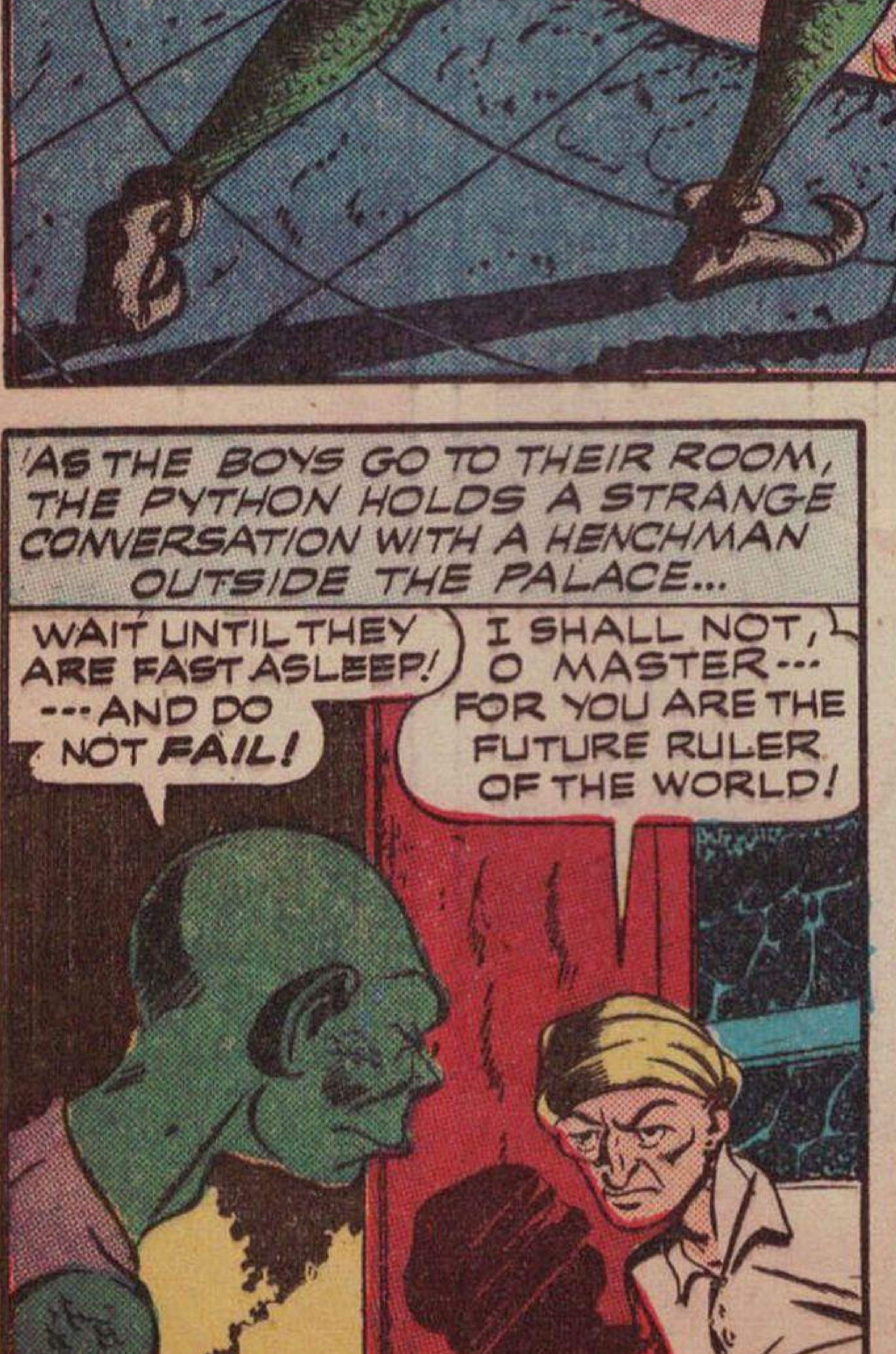

THE YOUNG ALLIES
SIX VALIANT AMERICAN BOYS ENMESHED IN THE DEADLY INTRIGUE OF THE MYSTERIOUS ORIENT! BATTLING THE KING OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD... THE PYTHON!! MORE DEADLY THAN THE SERPENT FROM WHICH HE GETS HIS NAME----THIS MERCILESS KILLER IN THE GUISE OF A MAN WHOSE CRUELTY CAUSES BRAVE MEN TO TREMBLE AT THE MERE MENTION OF HIS NAME!
The COILS of THE PYTHON!

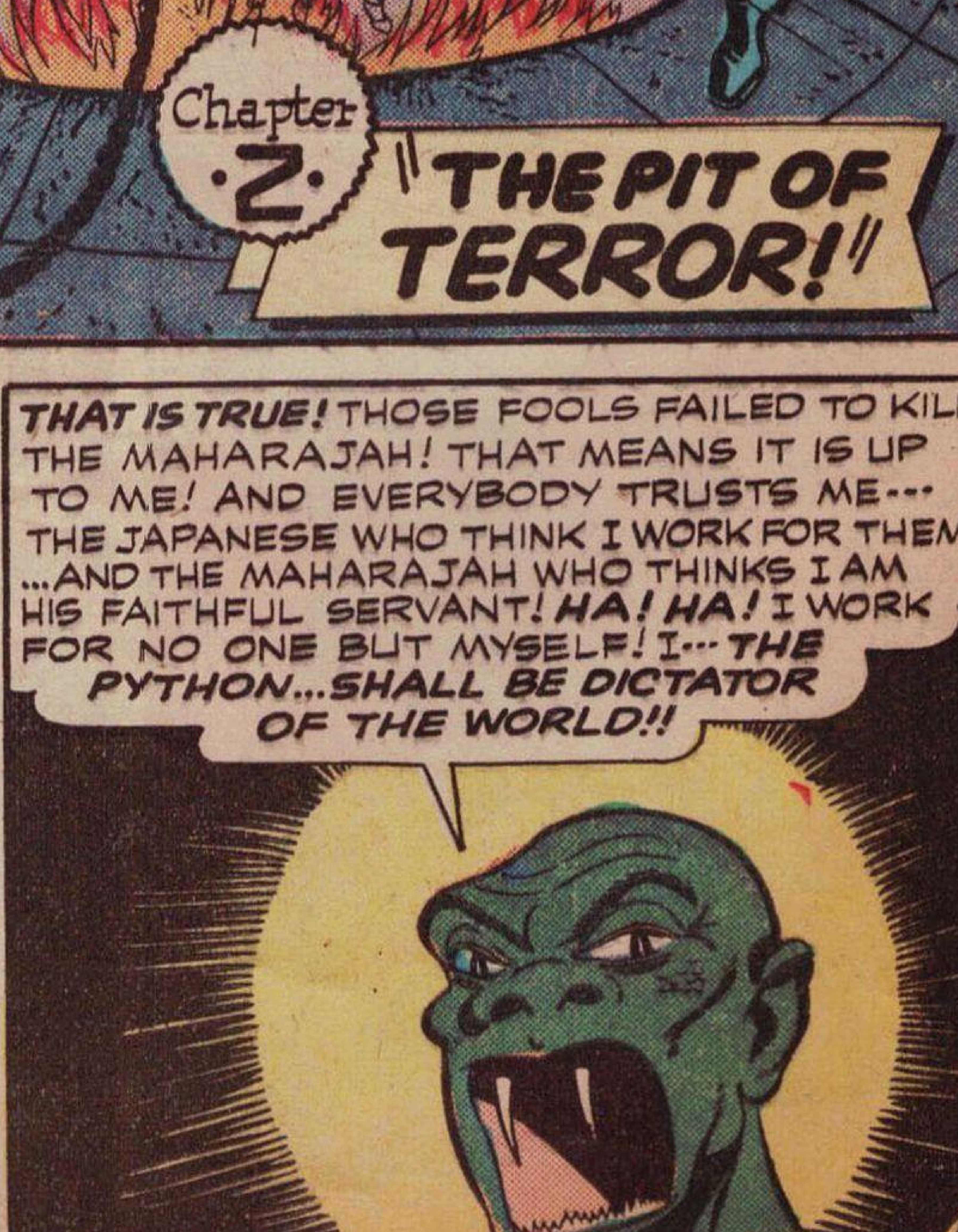

OUR TALE OPENS IN BOMBAY, INDIA-- WHERE THE YOUNG ALLIES VIEW A PARADE AS THEY WAIT FOR THEIR SHIP TO TAKE THEM BACK TO AMERICA...
WHAT'S THE PARADE ABOUT?
IT'S A RALLY TO TRY TO UNITE AND GET ON THE ALLIES SIDE IN THE WAR!
I READ ABOUT THIS IN THE PAPERS! --THEY'RE THE MAHARAJAH'S MEN FROM THE PRINCELY STATES!
GEE!
C'MON! WE CAN'T SEE THERE!
YEAH... LET'S GET A FRONT SEAT IN DE TEMPLE!
COME BACK! YOU CAN'T...
THINGS POP AS THE BOYS DASH UP THE TEMPLE STEPS LOOKING FOR A BETTER VIEW...
WE'LL SEE SWELL FROM THE BALCONY!
NOT ME! ---I'M HEADIN' FER DE ROOF, CHUM!
AS BUCKY, JEFF AND WHITEWASH LOOK FOR THE BALCONY ENTRANCE, BUCKY BUMPS INTO A MAN RUSHING DOWN THE STAIRS!
THIS WAY, FELLAS! OOOPS...
CLUMS-S-SY PIG! OUT OF WAY!
BOY! HE SURE WAS IN A HURRY!
YEOW! LOOKA DIS!!
HOLY SMOKE! HE'S DYING!
I'M PERKINS... BOMBAY TIMES.. HIT...FROM BEHIND... CAMERA ROBBED...
THAT MAN ON THE STAIRS... HE HAD A JAP ACCENT! COME ON!

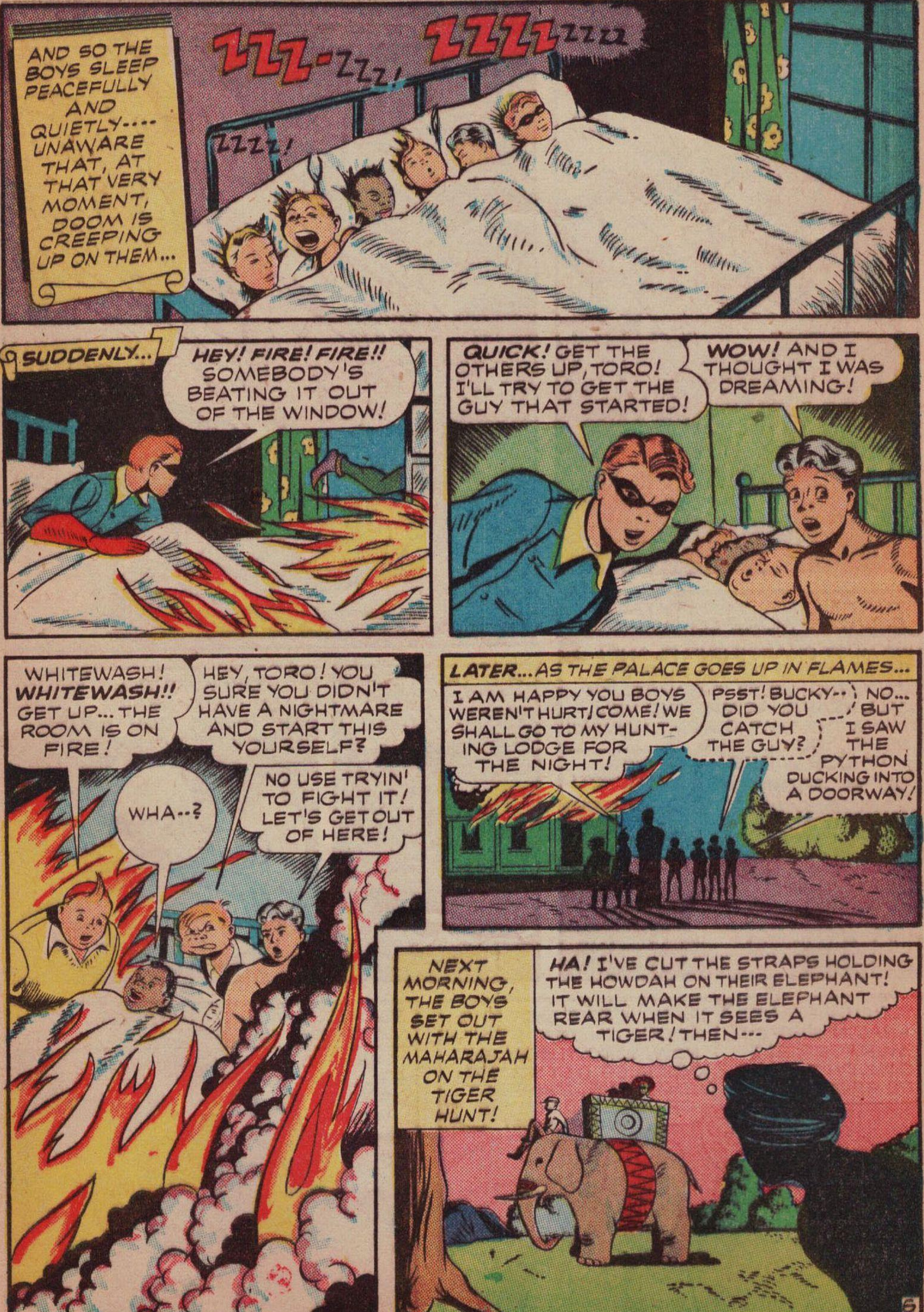

WHILE THE BOYS RUSH DOWN AGAIN, THE MAHARAJAH OF JODPUR...MOST IMPORTANT OF THE RULERS OF THE INDEPENDENT STATES, PAUSES GRACIOUSLY TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED!
SMILE, PLEASE, O EXALTED ONE!
CERTAINLY, YOUNG MAN! GLAD TO!
WITH THE MAHARAJAH DEAD, THEY WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO UNITE AGAINST HONORABLE EMPIRE OF RISING SUN!
BUT AS THE THREE YOUNG ALLIES LAUNCH THEIR ATTACK, THE CAMERA-GUN EXPLODES!
WE'LL APOLOGIZE LATER IF WE'RE WRONG, BUD!
OOF!
BANG!
LIKE A STREAK, THE LONG FIGURE OF THE PYTHON, THE MAHARAJAH'S BODY-GUARD LEAPS TOWARD THE JAP...
EE-EEH! NO! NO!
SSSS
...AND WITHIN SECONDS...
AHEEE!! UGHRRR!
UH! WHAT A SIGHT!
HOLY SMOKE! THAT THING IS CRUSHING HIS LIFE OUT JUST LIKE A PYTHON!


MEANWHILE, THE OTHERS FINALLY REACH THE ROOF OF THE TEMPLE!
BET WE MISSED THE BEST PART!
YA'D T'INK DIS JERNT WUZ A BANK--DA WAY DOSE GUYS TRIED TA STOP US!
PUFF... PUFF...
HE HAS FAILED BELOW! TOSS THE GRENADES... THE MAHARAJAH MUST DIE!
HEY!... THOSE GUYS ARE THROWIN' GRENADES... C'MON!
AIEE!!
KINDA HOT, AIN'T IT?
DOUBLE-BARRELLED ACTION! WHILE BUCKY AND HIS PALS PREVENT AN ASSASSANATION BELOW---TORO AND HIS BUDDIES GO TO WORK!
OW!
GR-RRR!
MEANTIME...
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR?
YES! THANKS TO YOU BRAVE LADS! COME, MY FAITHFUL ONE... THE ASSASSIN IS DEAD!
LOOK, FELLAS! TORO AND THE OTHERS ROUNDED UP SOME MORE OF THEM!

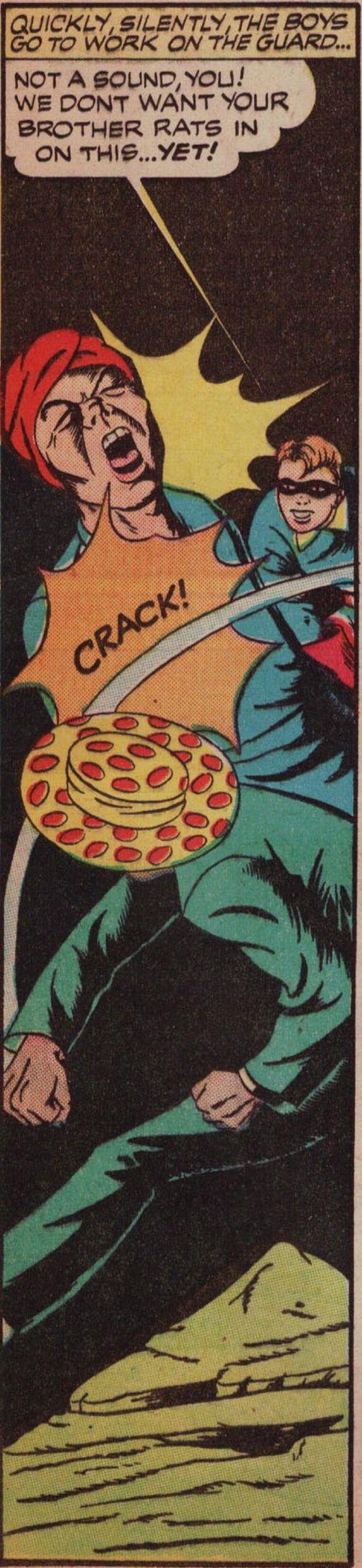

The YOUNG ALLIES
GRATEFUL TO THE YOUNG ALLIES FOR SAVING HIS LIFE... THE MAHARAJAH INVITES THEM ON A TIGER HUNT... THEY LEAVE BY PLANE FOR THE MAHARAJAH'S PALACE...TO... FACE NEW AND GREATER DANGERS!
Chapter ·2·
"THE PIT OF TERROR!"

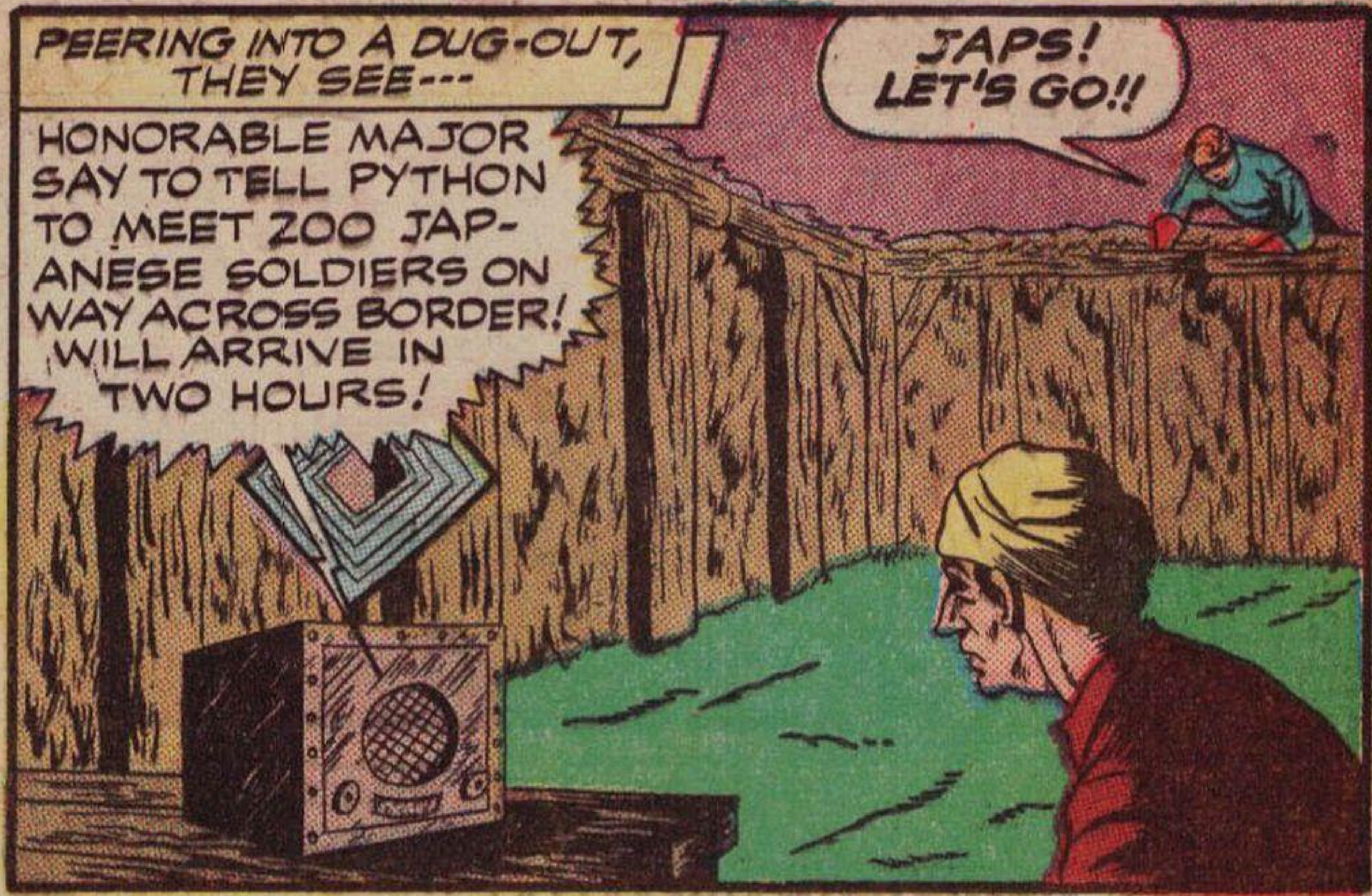

AS THE BOYS GO TO THEIR ROOM, THE PYTHON HOLDS A STRANGE CONVERSATION WITH A HENCHMAN OUTSIDE THE PALACE...
WAIT UNTIL THEY ARE FAST ASLEEP! ---AND DO NOT FAIL!
I SHALL NOT, O MASTER--- FOR YOU ARE THE FUTURE RULER OF THE WORLD!

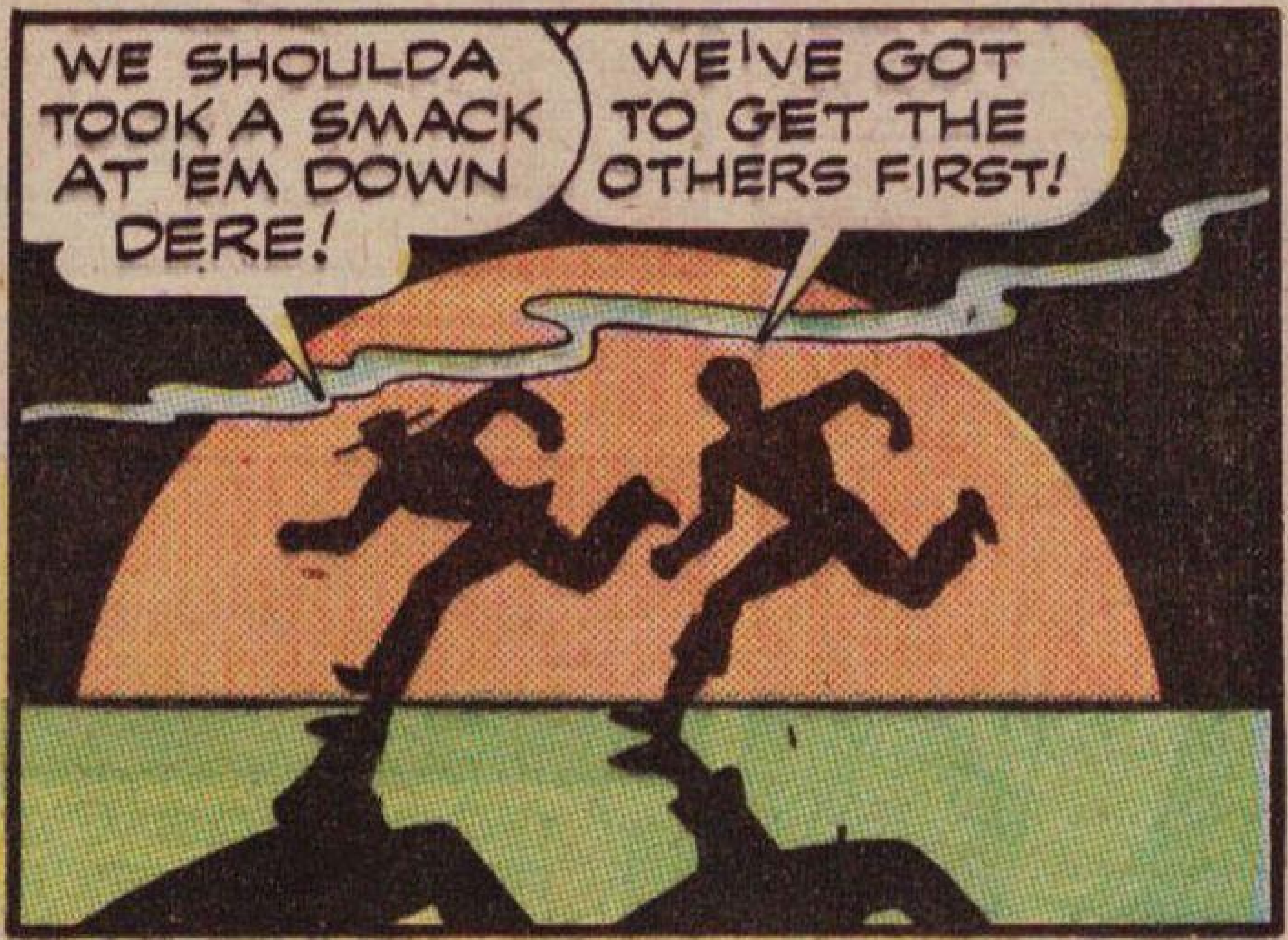

THAT IS TRUE! THOSE FOOLS FAILED TO KILL THE MAHARAJAH! THAT MEANS IT IS UP TO ME! AND EVERYBODY TRUSTS ME--- THE JAPANESE WHO THINK I WORK FOR THEM ...AND THE MAHARAJAH WHO THINKS I AM HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT! HA! HA! I WORK FOR NO ONE BUT MYSELF! I--- THE PYTHON...SHALL BE DICTATOR OF THE WORLD!!
5


AND SO THE BOYS SLEEP PEACEFULLY AND QUIETLY.... UNAWARE THAT, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, DOOM IS CREEPING UP ON THEM...
ZZZ-ZZZ!
ZZZZZZZZ
ZZZZ!
SUDDENLY...
HEY! FIRE! FIRE!! SOMEBODY'S BEATING IT OUT OF THE WINDOW!
QUICK! GET THE OTHERS UP, TORO! I'LL TRY TO GET THE GUY THAT STARTED!
WOW! AND I THOUGHT I WAS DREAMING!
WHITEWASH! WHITEWASH!! GET UP... THE ROOM IS ON FIRE!
HEY, TORO! YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T HAVE A NIGHTMARE AND START THIS YOURSELF?
WHA--?
NO USE TRYIN' TO FIGHT IT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
LATER... AS THE PALACE GOES UP IN FLAMES...
I AM HAPPY YOU BOYS WEREN'T HURT! COME! WE SHALL GO TO MY HUNTING LODGE FOR THE NIGHT!
PSST! BUCKY-- DID YOU CATCH THE GUY?
NO... BUT I SAW THE PYTHON DUCKING INTO A DOORWAY!
NEXT MORNING, THE BOYS SET OUT WITH THE MAHARAJAH ON THE TIGER HUNT!
HA! I'VE CUT THE STRAPS HOLDING THE HOWDAH ON THEIR ELEPHANT! IT WILL MAKE THE ELEPHANT REAR WHEN IT SEES A TIGER! THEN---
6

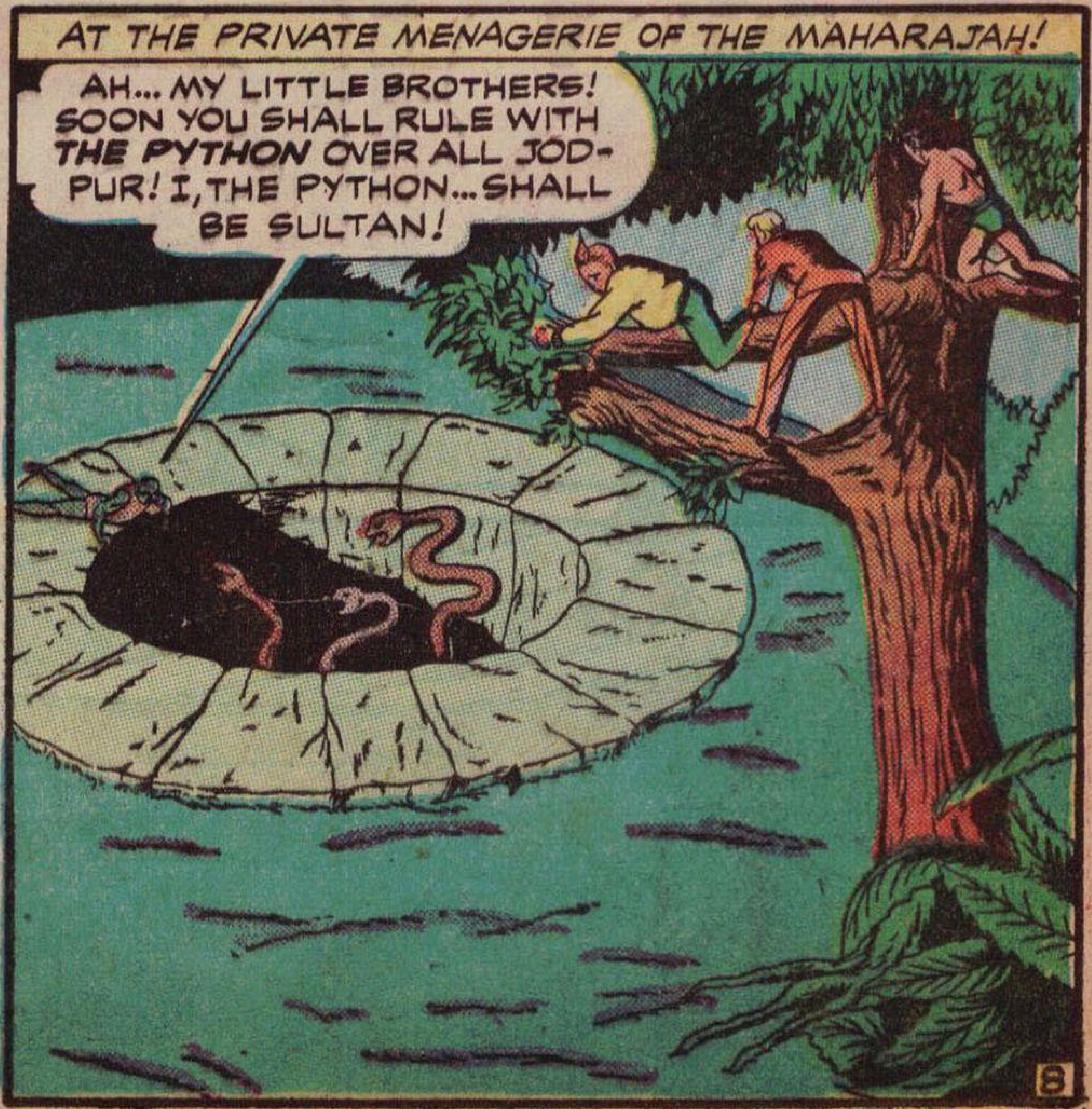
LATER...AS THE TIGER IS SIGHTED, THE ELEPHANT REARS AND THE BOYS TUMBLE TO THE GROUND!
OOPS!
RIGHT IN FRONT OF DEM CATS!
BUT BEFORE THE TIGER CAN SPRING, TORO TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND DESTROYS IT!
THAT NIGHT...THE PYTHON DELIVERS MORE COMMANDS!
WE MUST CHANGE OUR PLANS! THOSE YOUNG DEVILS SUSPECT ME! TERHU, GO TO THE WIRELESS... CALL HEADQUARTERS AND TELL THEM THE TIME IS RIPE TO STRIKE! NEHRI, YOU CUT THE 'PHONE WIRES!
YES, MASTER!
BUT THEIR PLANS ARE OVERHEARD!
OH-OH!
BOY! WAIT TILL DE GANG HEARS 'BOUT DIS!
THE OTHERS ARE HEADIN' FER DE MENAGERIE! I COULDN'T HEAR DE REST OF IT!
OKAY! WE'VE GOT THE GOODS ON THAT PYTHON NOW! TORO, TUBBY AND KNUCKLES GET TO THE MENAGERIE...THE REST OF US'LL GO TO THE WIRELESS!
BUCKY, JEFF AND WHITEWASH SOON LOCATE THE WIRELESS...AND A SENTRY!
THIS IS IT, FELLAS-- GET TO WORK!
ONE SIDE! HERE AH GOES!

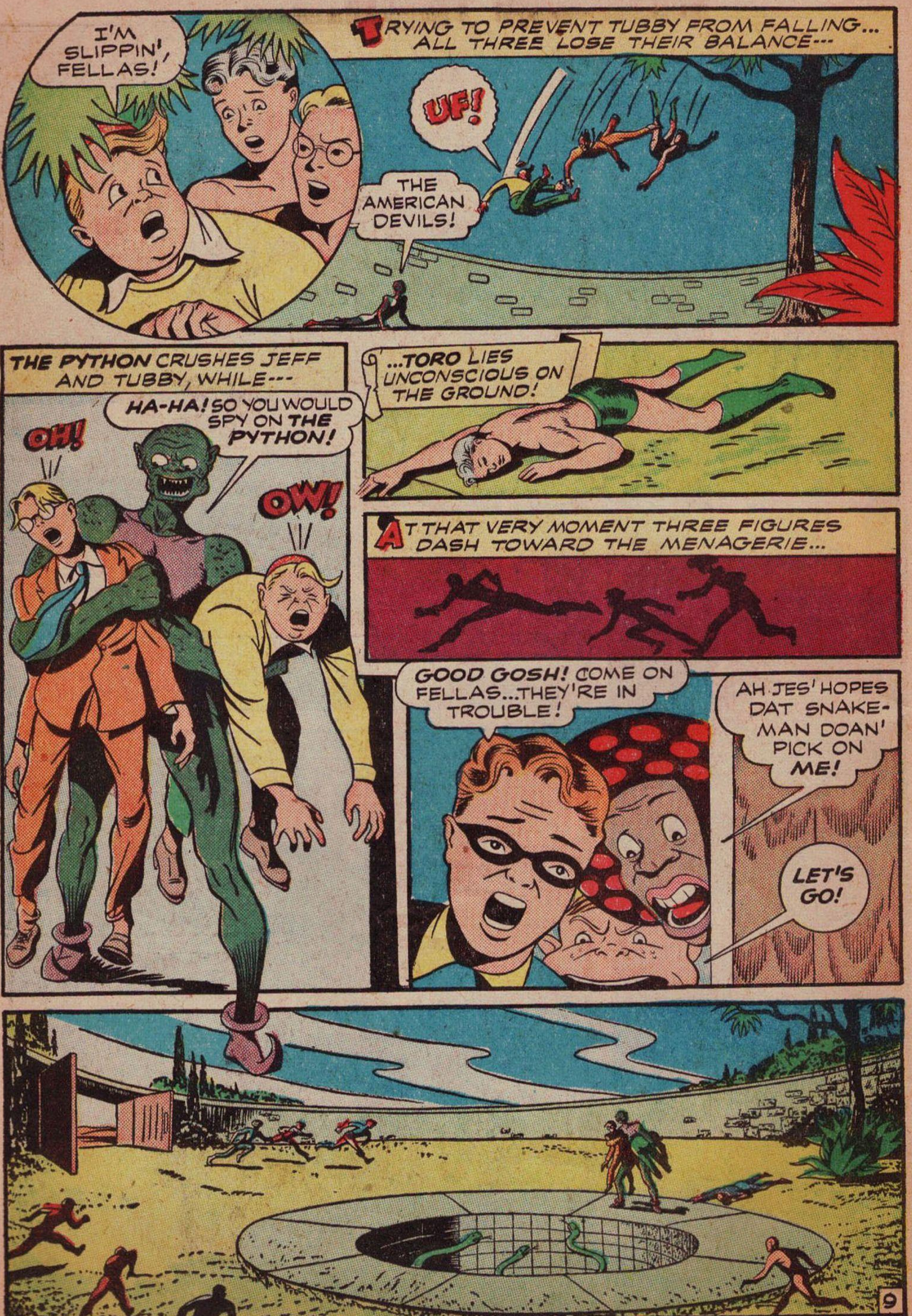

QUICKLY, SILENTLY, THE BOYS GO TO WORK ON THE GUARD...
NOT A SOUND, YOU! WE DONT WANT YOUR BROTHER RATS IN ON THIS...*YET!*
CRACK!

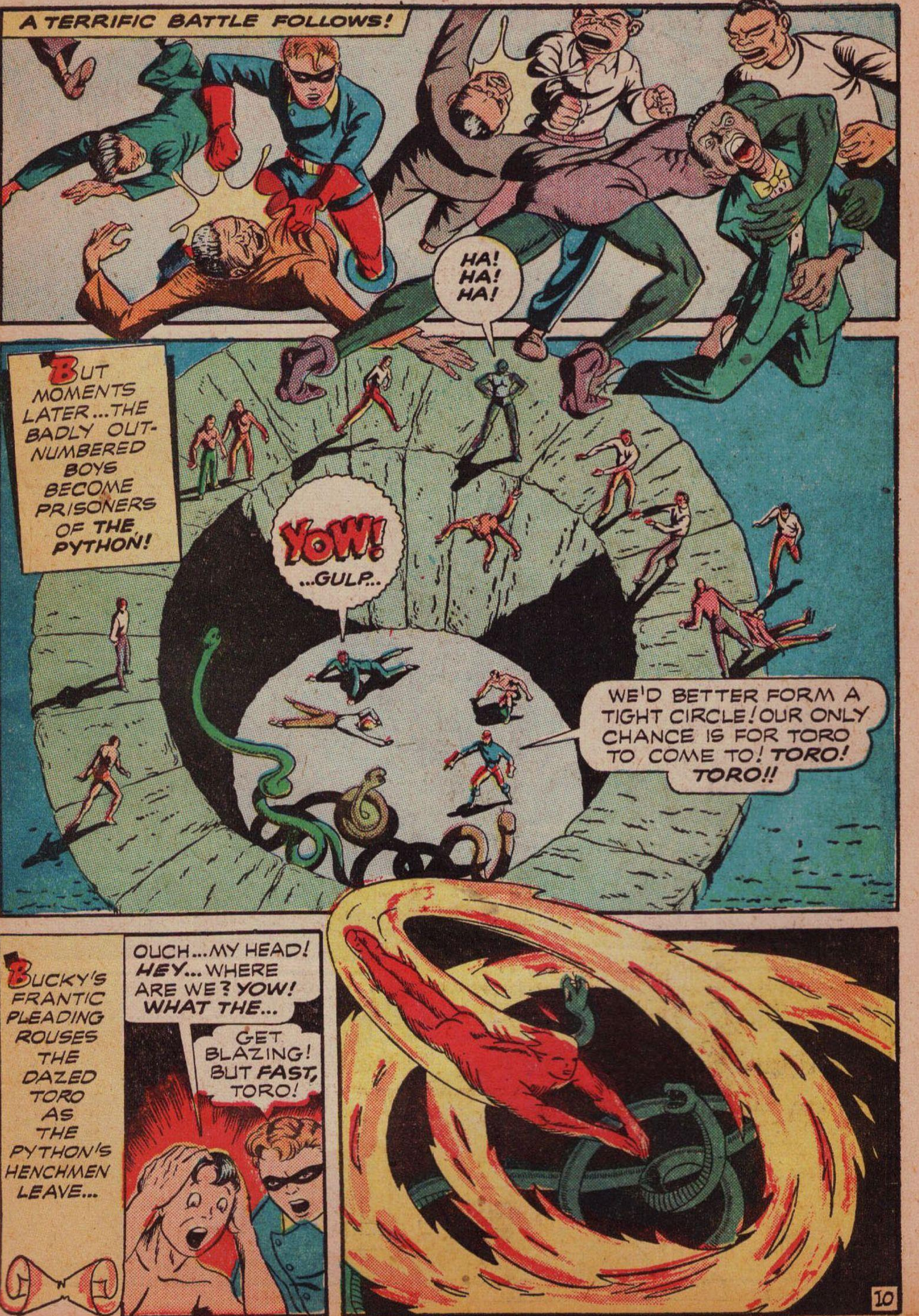

PEERING INTO A DUG-OUT, THEY SEE---
HONORABLE MAJOR SAY TO TELL PYTHON TO MEET ZOO JAPANESE SOLDIERS ON WAY ACROSS BORDER! WILL ARRIVE IN TWO HOURS!
JAPS! LET'S GO!!


WE SHOULDA TOOK A SMACK AT 'EM DOWN DERE!
WE'VE GOT TO GET THE OTHERS FIRST!

AND WHILE BUCKY AND HIS PALS HEAD FOR THE MENAGERIE, WE SWITCH THE SCENE TO THE OTHERS...


AT THE PRIVATE MENAGERIE OF THE MAHARAJAH!
AH... MY LITTLE BROTHERS! SOON YOU SHALL RULE WITH **THE PYTHON** OVER ALL JODPUR! I, THE PYTHON... SHALL BE SULTAN!

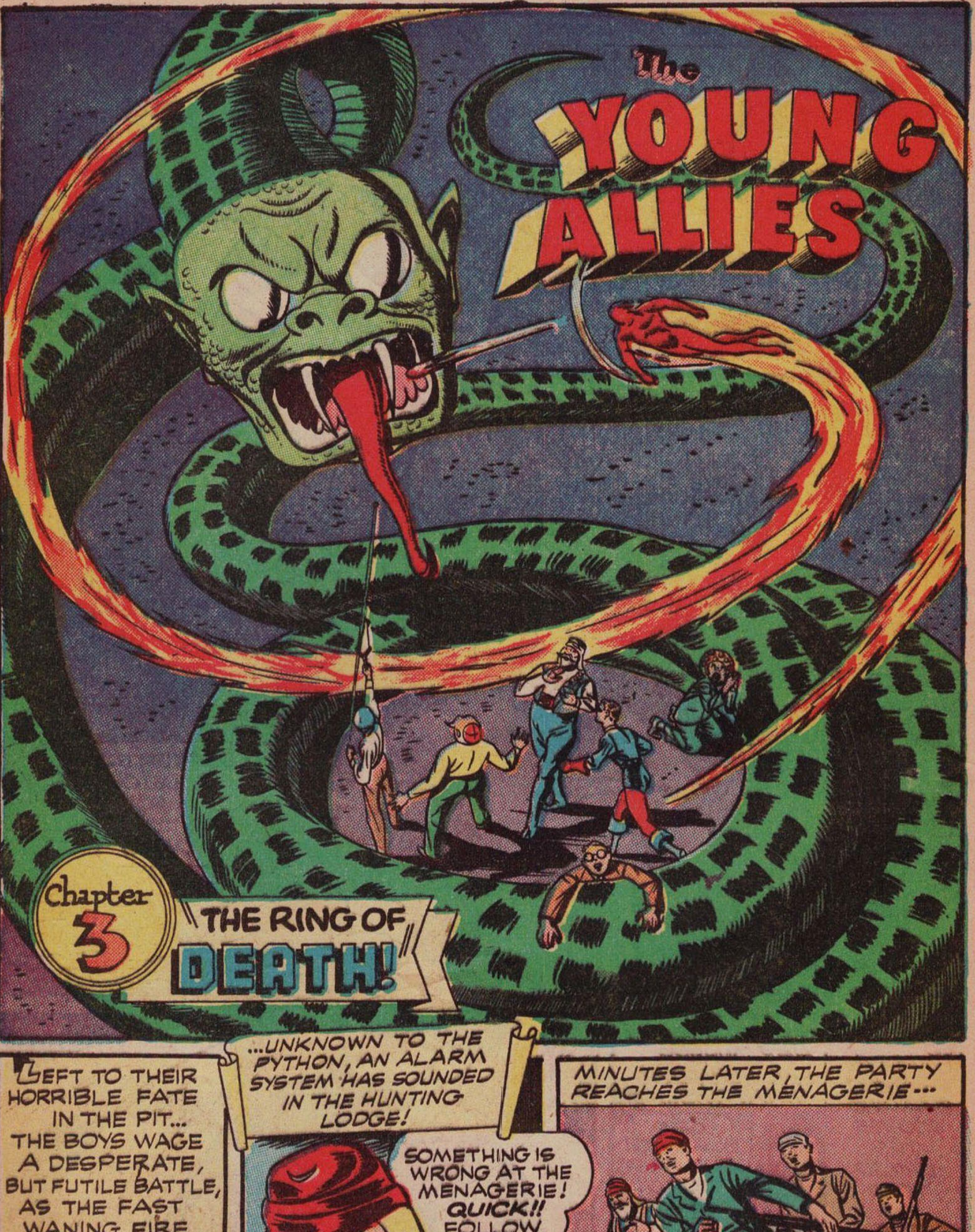

I'M SLIPPIN', FELLAS!
TRYING TO PREVENT TUBBY FROM FALLING... ALL THREE LOSE THEIR BALANCE---
UF!
THE AMERICAN DEVILS!
THE PYTHON CRUSHES JEFF AND TUBBY, WHILE---
HA-HA! SO YOU WOULD SPY ON THE PYTHON!
OH!
OW!
...TORO LIES UNCONSCIOUS ON THE GROUND!
AT THAT VERY MOMENT THREE FIGURES DASH TOWARD THE MENAGERIE...
GOOD GOSH! COME ON FELLAS...THEY'RE IN TROUBLE!
AH JES' HOPES DAT SNAKE-MAN DOAN' PICK ON ME!
LET'S GO!


A TERRIFIC BATTLE FOLLOWS!
HA! HA! HA!
BUT MOMENTS LATER...THE BADLY OUT-NUMBERED BOYS BECOME PRISONERS OF THE PYTHON!
YOW! ...GULP...
WE'D BETTER FORM A TIGHT CIRCLE! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS FOR TORO TO COME TO! TORO! TORO!!
BUCKY'S FRANTIC PLEADING ROUSES THE DAZED TORO AS THE PYTHON'S HENCHMEN LEAVE...
OUCH...MY HEAD! HEY...WHERE ARE WE? YOW! WHAT THE...
GET BLAZING! BUT FAST, TORO!

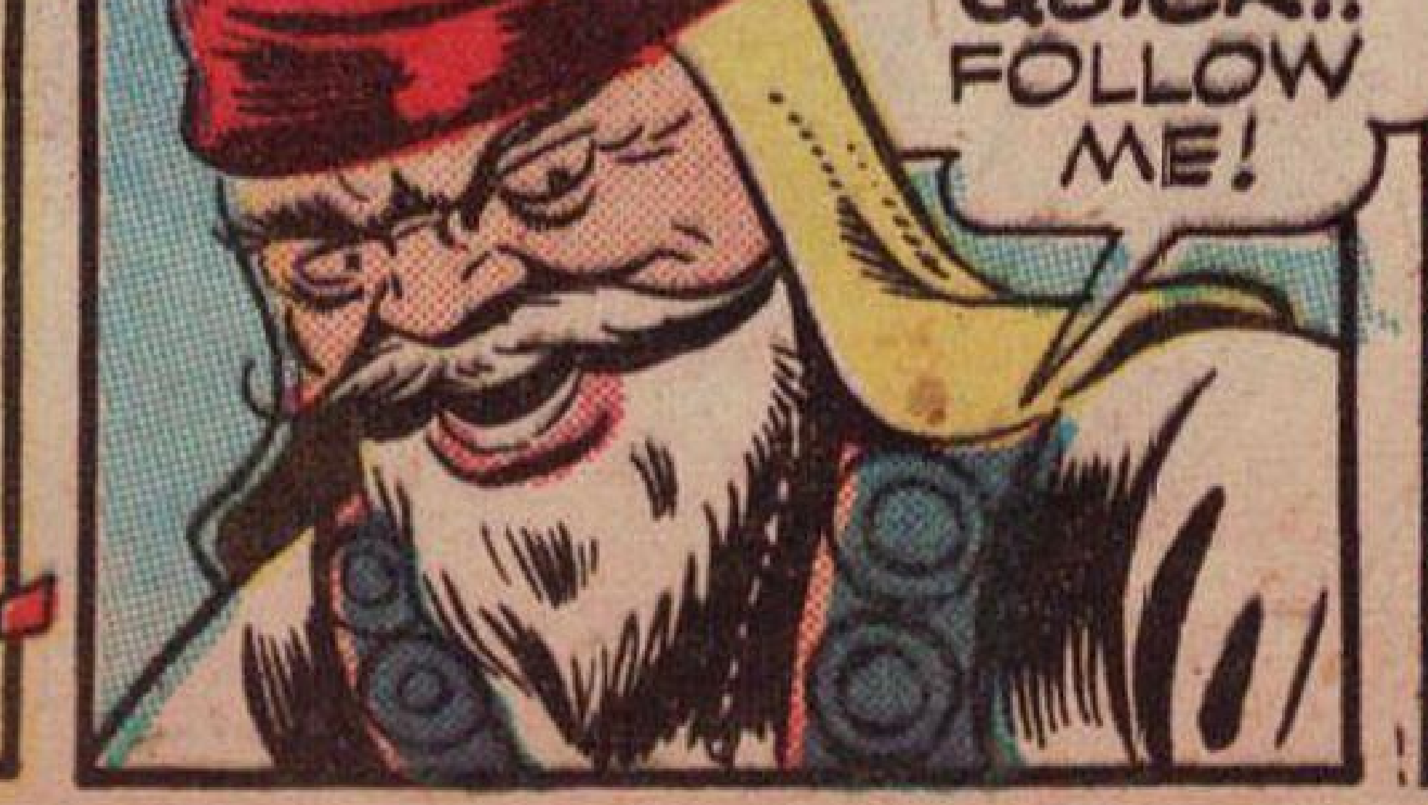
The YOUNG ALLIES

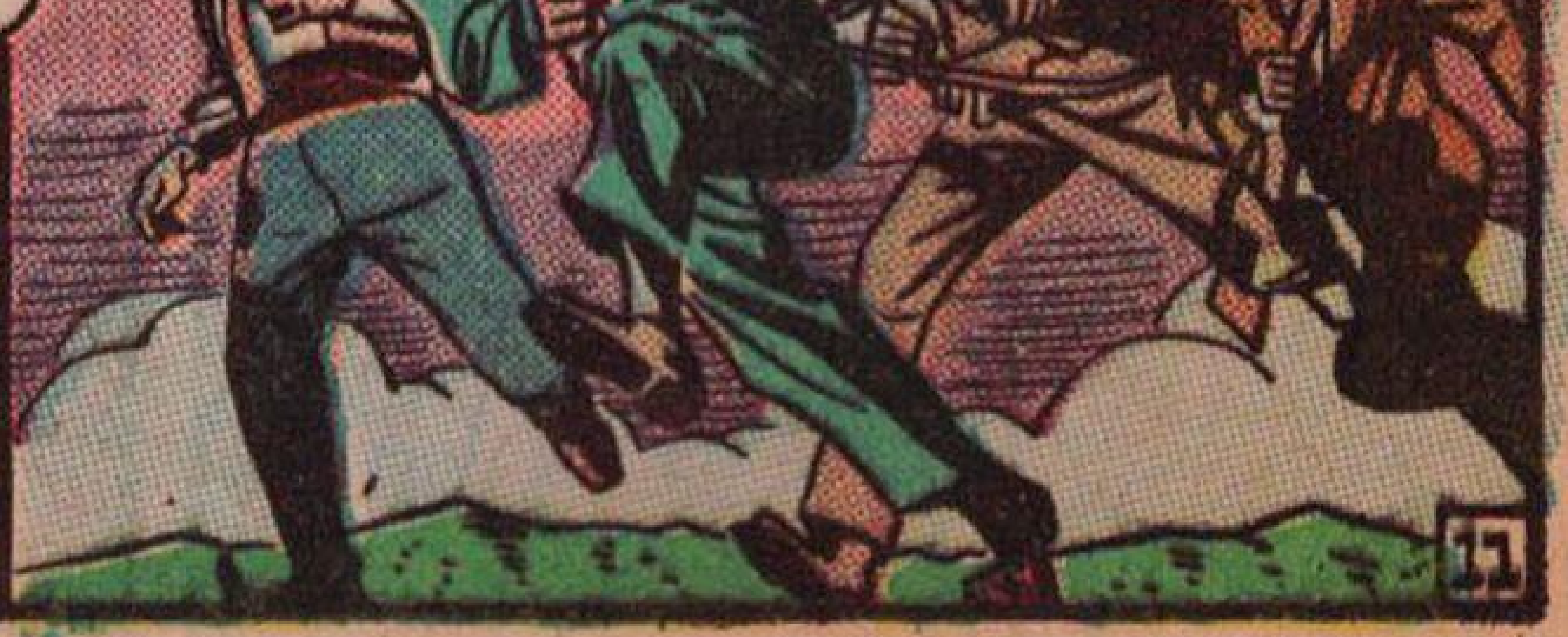
Chapter 3

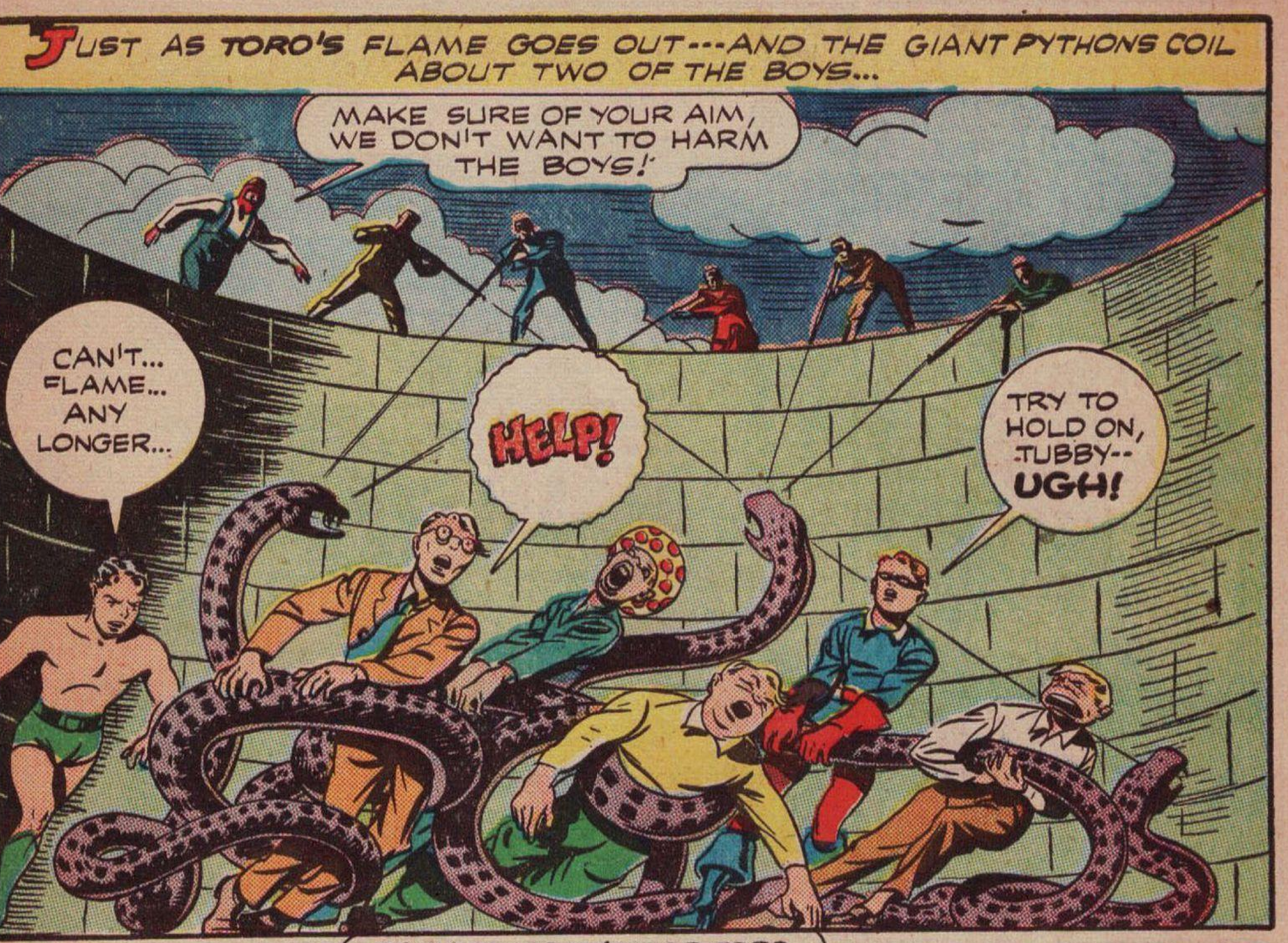
THE RING OF DEATH!

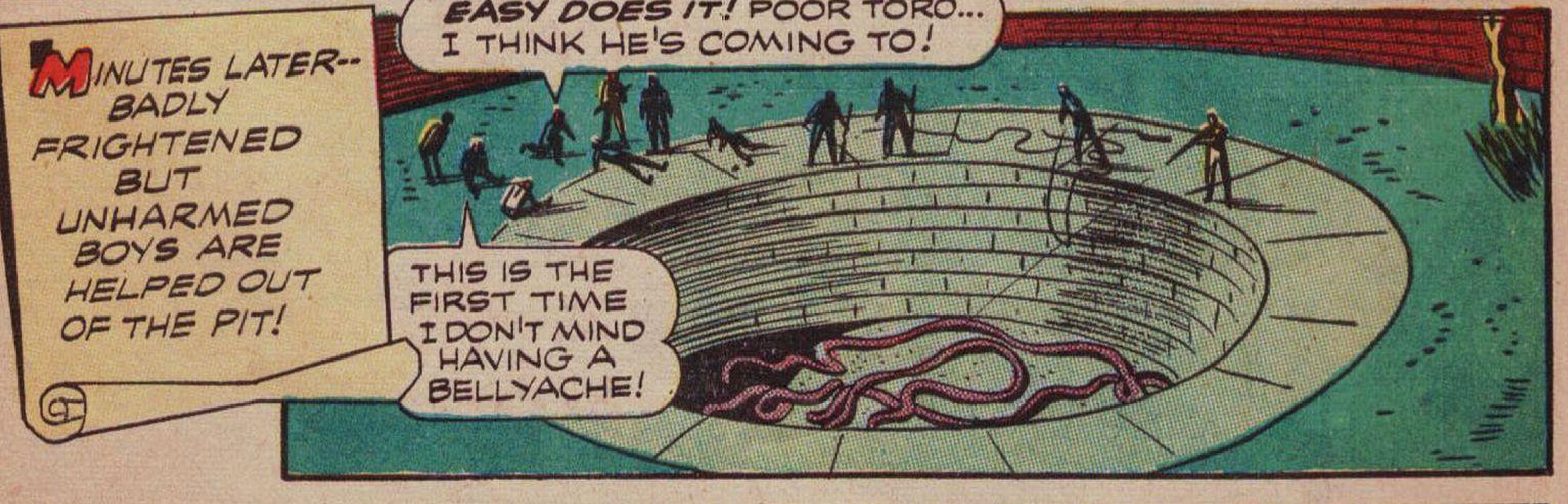


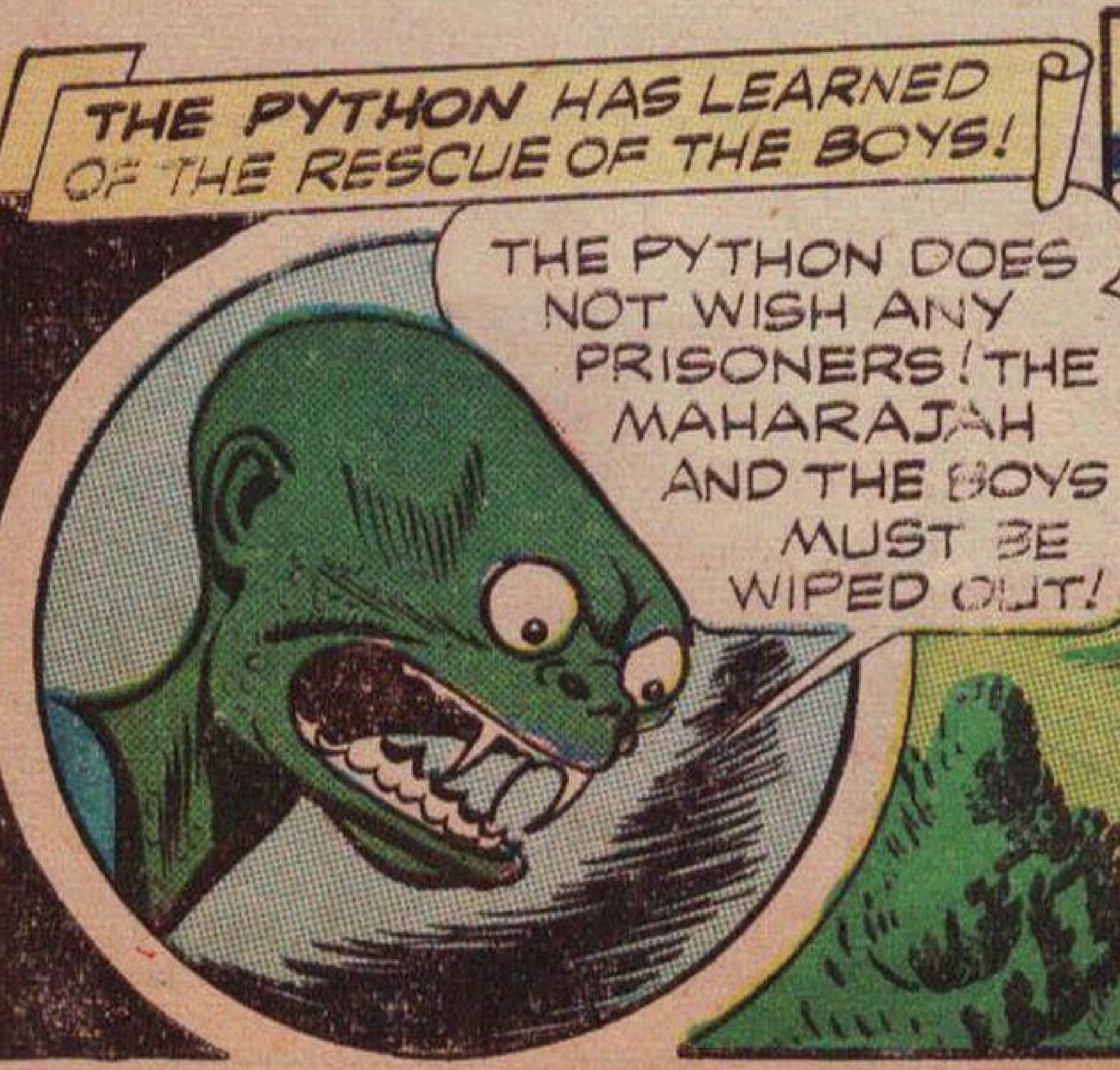
LEFT TO THEIR HORRIBLE FATE IN THE PIT... THE BOYS WAGE A DESPERATE, BUT FUTILE BATTLE, AS THE FAST WANING FIRE POWER OF **TORO** CAUSES HIM TO FALTER IN HIS PROTECTIVE CIRCLE OF FLAME! BUT-

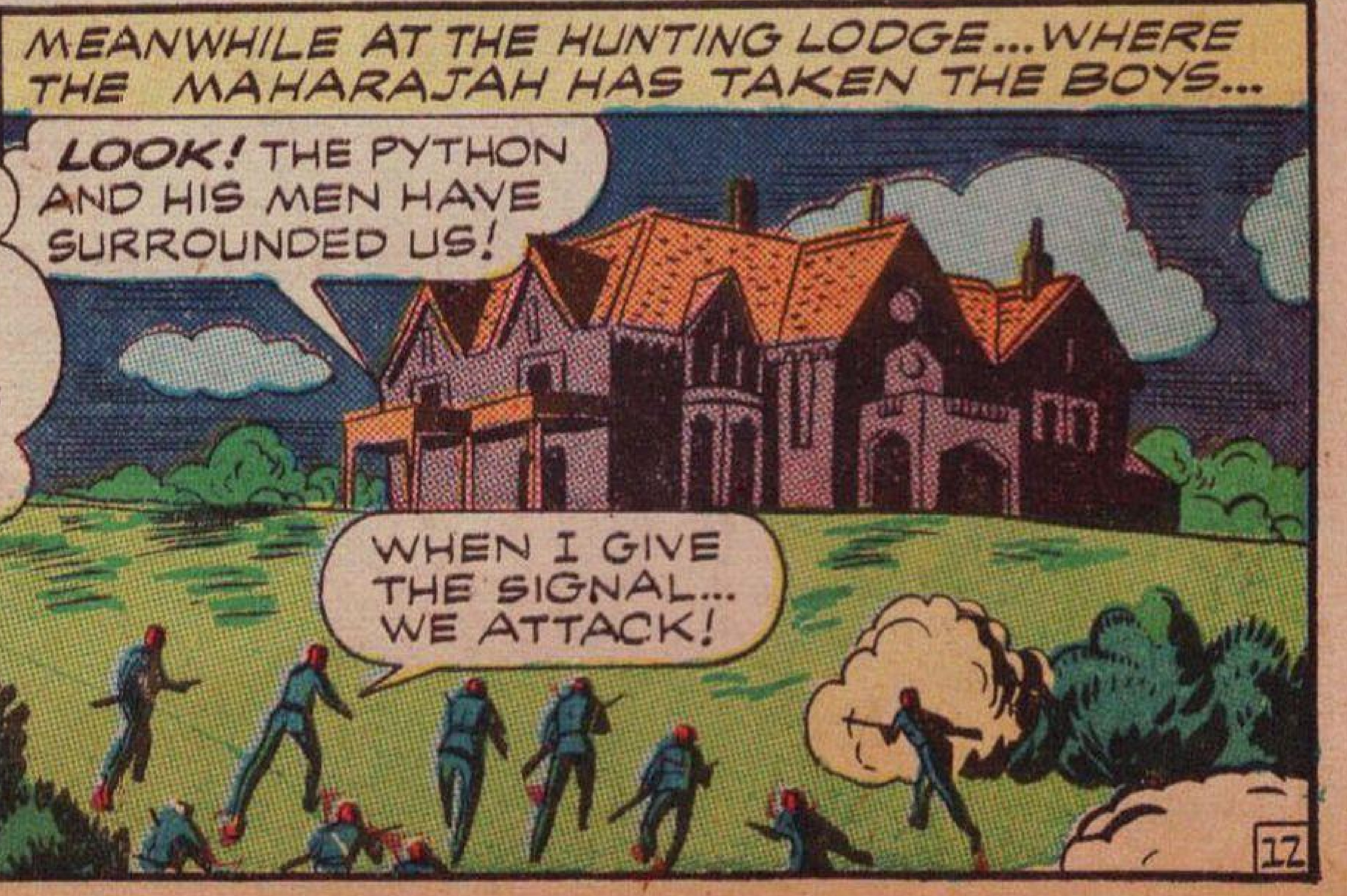

...UNKNOWN TO THE PYTHON, AN ALARM SYSTEM HAS SOUNDED IN THE HUNTING LODGE!
SOMETHING IS WRONG AT THE MENAGERIE! QUICK!! FOLLOW ME!


MINUTES LATER, THE PARTY REACHES THE MENAGERIE---

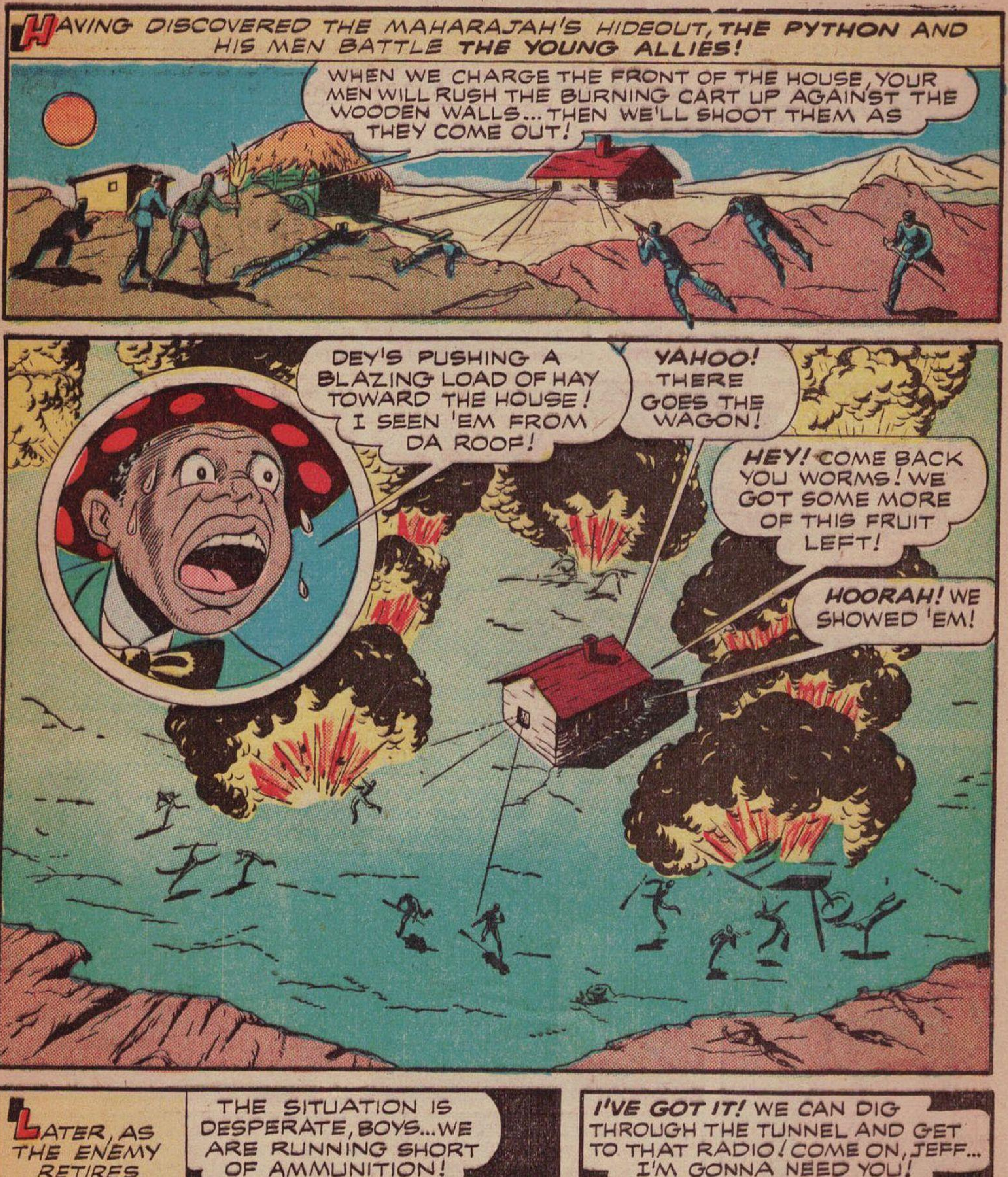

JUST AS TORO'S FLAME GOES OUT---AND THE GIANT PYTHONS COIL ABOUT TWO OF THE BOYS...
MAKE SURE OF YOUR AIM, WE DON'T WANT TO HARM THE BOYS!
CAN'T... FLAME... ANY LONGER...
HELP!
TRY TO HOLD ON, TUBBY-- UGH!


MINUTES LATER-- BADLY FRIGHTENED BUT UNHARMED BOYS ARE HELPED OUT OF THE PIT!
EASY DOES IT! POOR TORO... I THINK HE'S COMING TO!
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I DON'T MIND HAVING A BELLYACHE!


THE PYTHON HAS LEARNED OF THE RESCUE OF THE BOYS!
THE PYTHON DOES NOT WISH ANY PRISONERS! THE MAHARAJAH AND THE BOYS MUST BE WIPED OUT!


MEANWHILE AT THE HUNTING LODGE...WHERE THE MAHARAJAH HAS TAKEN THE BOYS...
LOOK! THE PYTHON AND HIS MEN HAVE SURROUNDED US!
WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL... WE ATTACK!

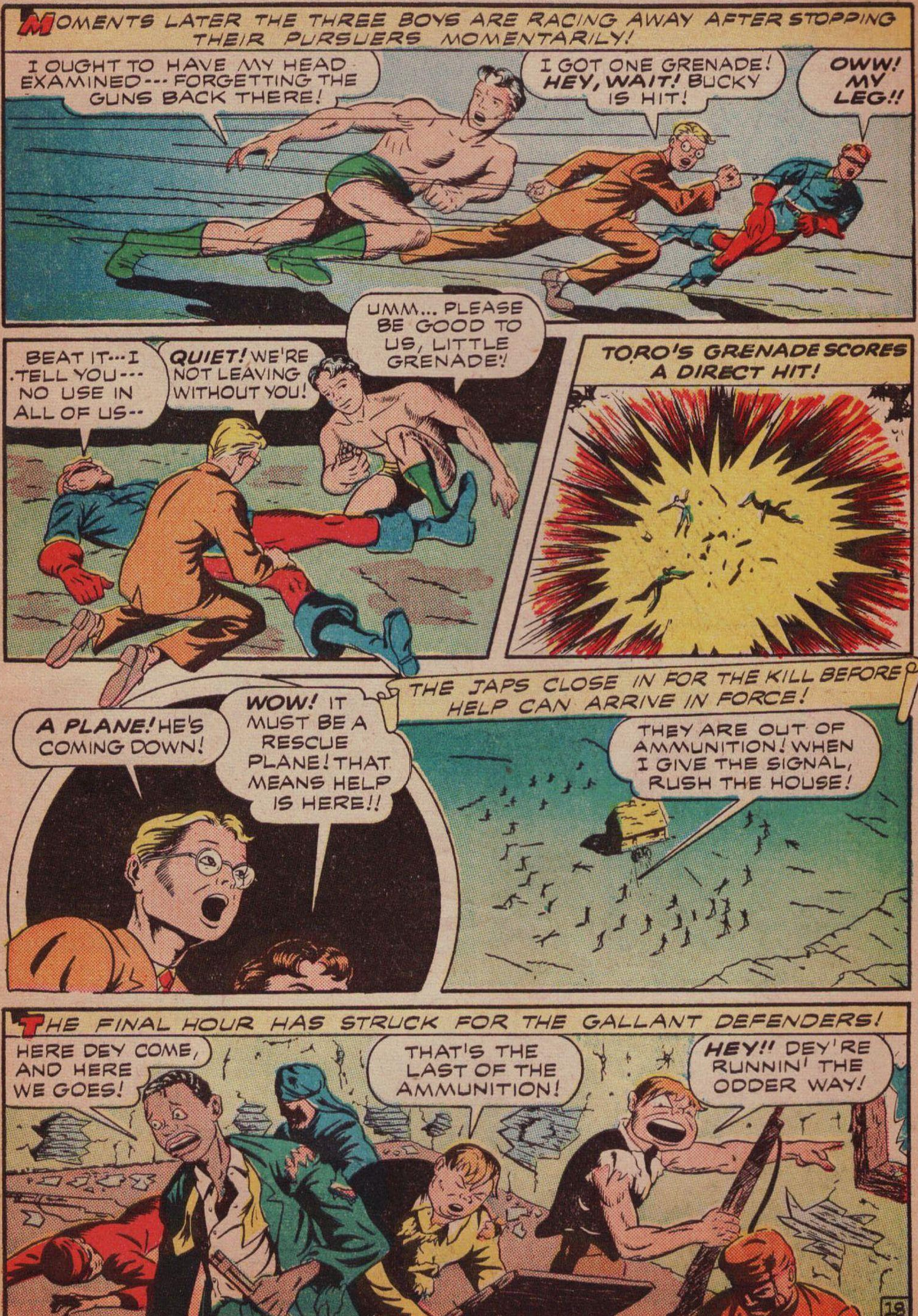
THIS TRAP WILL LEAD US TO A SMALL HOUSE WHERE I STORE MY GUNS AND AMMUNITION!
GEE!
THIS IS THE STUFF! BET YOU HAD IT IN MIND ALL THE TIME!
YES, MY SON! PERHAPS I AM NOT SO MUCH A FOOL AS I WOULD HAVE THE PYTHON BELIEVE! WE CAN DEFEND OURSELVES UNTIL HELP ARRIVES!
TUBBY, YOU STAY BELOW IN THE TUNNEL! THEY MAY FIND THAT TRAP! TORO, YOU WATCH THE WINDOWS! KNUCKLES...
EXPLOSIVES
MEANWHILE THE PYTHON AND HIS KILLERS FIND THEIR QUARRY FLOWN!
AFTER THEM! HALF OF YOU GO INTO THE TUNNEL! THE OTHERS FOLLOW ME!
BUCKY! BUCKY! THEY'RE COMIN' THROUGH THE TUNNEL!
GREAT! I KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THOSE RATS!
THE PYTHON'S MEN, CAUGHT IN THE NARROW TUNNEL, TURN TO FLEE AS BUCKY HURLS A GRENADE!
COMPLIMENTS OF THE YOUNG ALLIES!

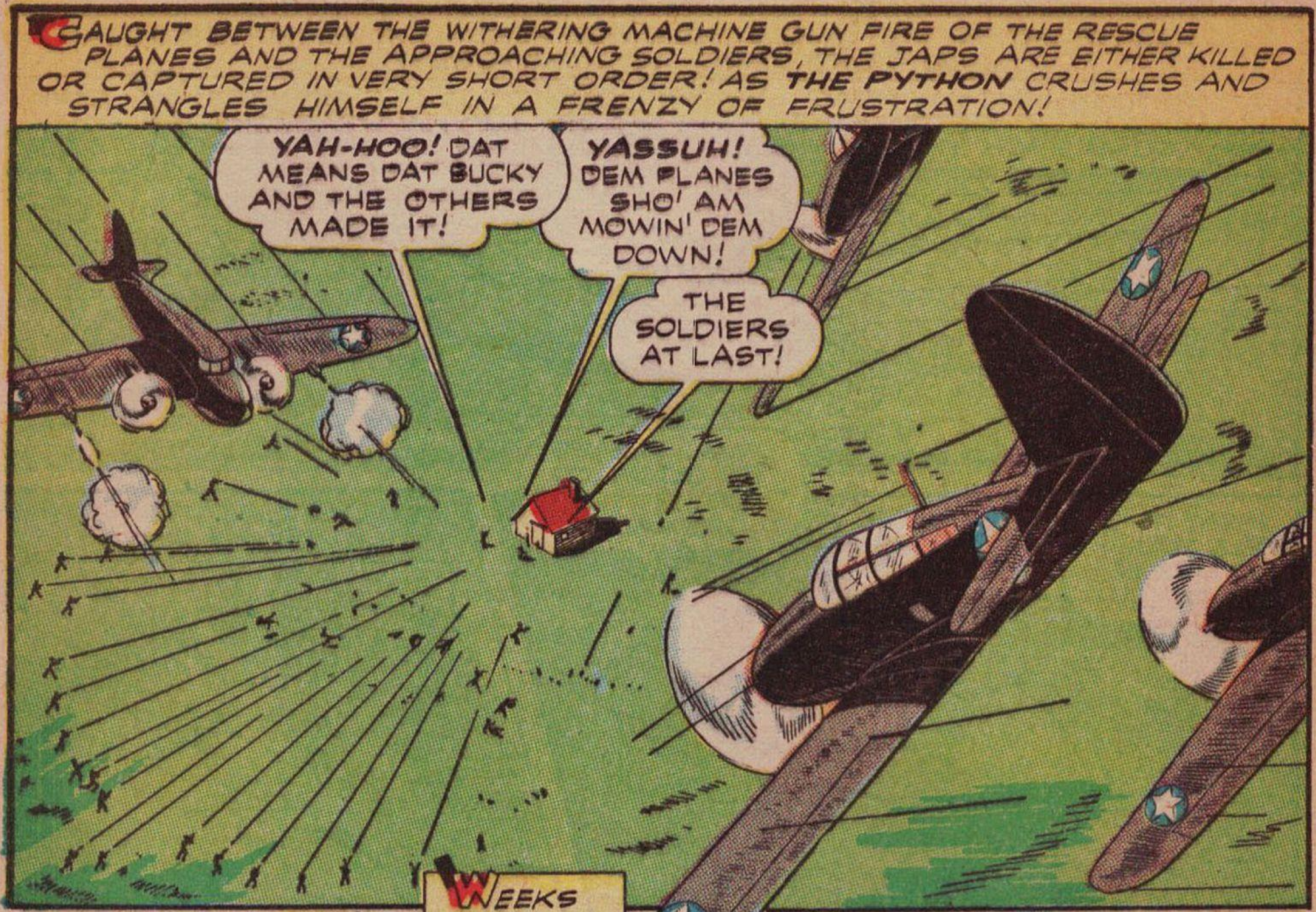

HAVING DISCOVERED THE MAHARAJAH'S HIDEOUT, THE PYTHON AND HIS MEN BATTLE THE YOUNG ALLIES!
WHEN WE CHARGE THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE, YOUR MEN WILL RUSH THE BURNING CART UP AGAINST THE WOODEN WALLS... THEN WE'LL SHOOT THEM AS THEY COME OUT!
DEY'S PUSHING A BLAZING LOAD OF HAY TOWARD THE HOUSE! I SEEN 'EM FROM DA ROOF!
YAHOO! THERE GOES THE WAGON!
HEY! COME BACK YOU WORMS! WE GOT SOME MORE OF THIS FRUIT LEFT!
HOORAH! WE SHOWED 'EM!
LATER, AS THE ENEMY RETIRES TO LICK THEIR WOUNDS, THE BESIEGED BOYS HOLD A CONSULTATION OF WAR!
THE SITUATION IS DESPERATE, BOYS... WE ARE RUNNING SHORT OF AMMUNITION!
I'VE GOT IT! WE CAN DIG THROUGH THE TUNNEL AND GET TO THAT RADIO! COME ON, JEFF... I'M GONNA NEED YOU!

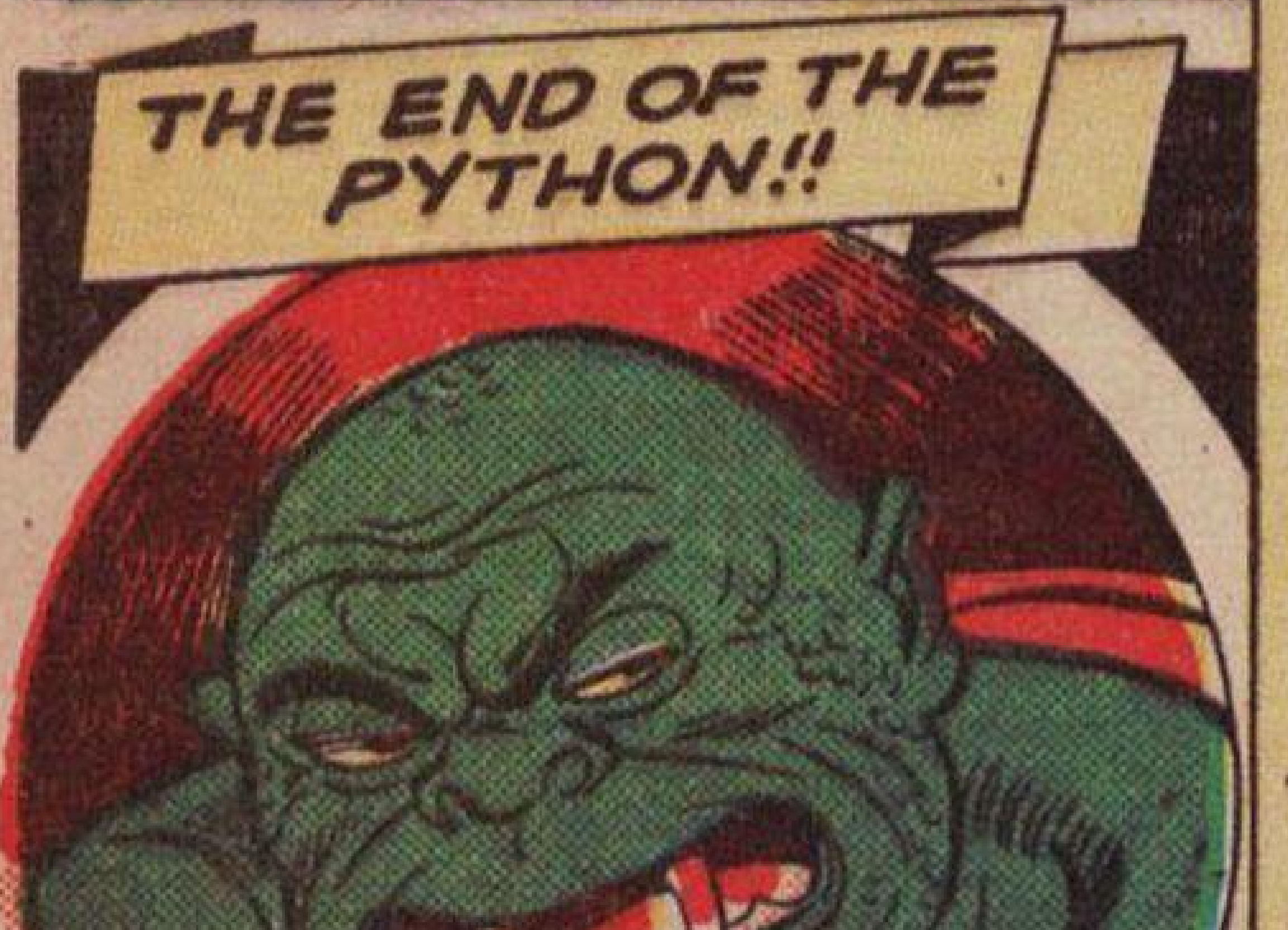
UGH! MAKES ME SICK TO LOOK AT THEM!
NEVER MIND! COME ON!
The BOYS QUICKLY MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE HUNTING LODGE AND CROUCH OUTSIDE IN THE SHADOWS!
THE MAHARAJAH SAID THERE'S A BIG CAR IN THE GARAGE!
HOW WE GOING TO MAKE IT WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED!
HAFTA TAKE THAT CHANCE!
DISCOVERED!
WE'RE SUNK! THEY SPOTTED US!!
KEEP LOW AND ZIG-ZAG--- WE CAN MAKE IT!
SHOOT! KILL THE YOUNG DEVILS!
WHEW! MADE IT!! GET THE CAR GOING, JEFF... MAYBE WE CAN GET THROUGH!
THEIR LAST FAINT HOPE VANISHES AS JEFF MAKES A DISCOVERY!
JEEPERS! NO KEY IN THE CAR... AND WE FORGOT TO ASK THE MAHARAJAH FOR HIS!
GOOD OLD DEPENDABLE JEFF! WORKING WITH A BIT OF WIRE, HE TRIES DESPERATELY WITH A BIT OF WIRE... AND AFTER WHAT SEEMS HOURS...
COME ON, JEFF! YOU GOTTA! EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON---
UH! THINK THAT'LL DO IT! TRY TO TURN HER OVER...

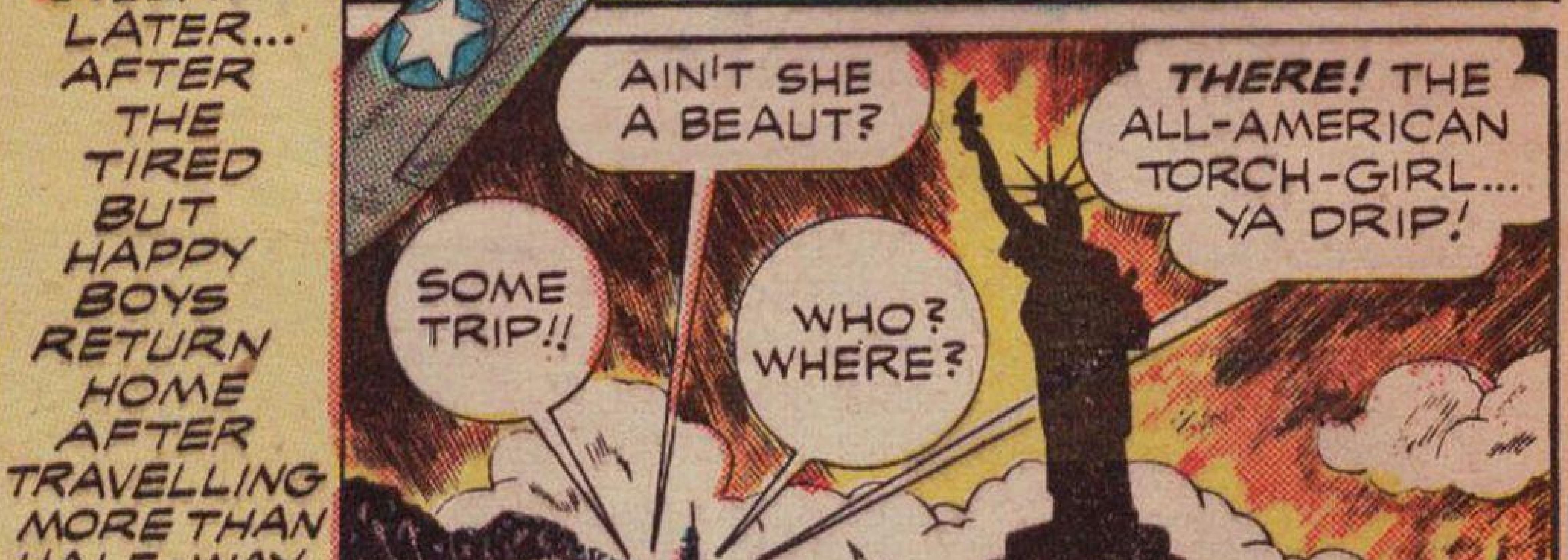
The YOUNG ALLIES
Chapter 4 The PYTHON STRIKES!
THE MOTOR ROARS INTO LIFE!
YIPPEE! THERE SHE BLOWS! HOP ON AND DON'T BOTHER TO OPEN THE DOORS!
THE HEAVY CAR SMASHES THROUGH THE DOORS, MOWING DOWN THE STARTLED JAPS!
GANGWAY, YOU TERMITES! THE AMERICAN SPECIAL IS COMING THROUGH!

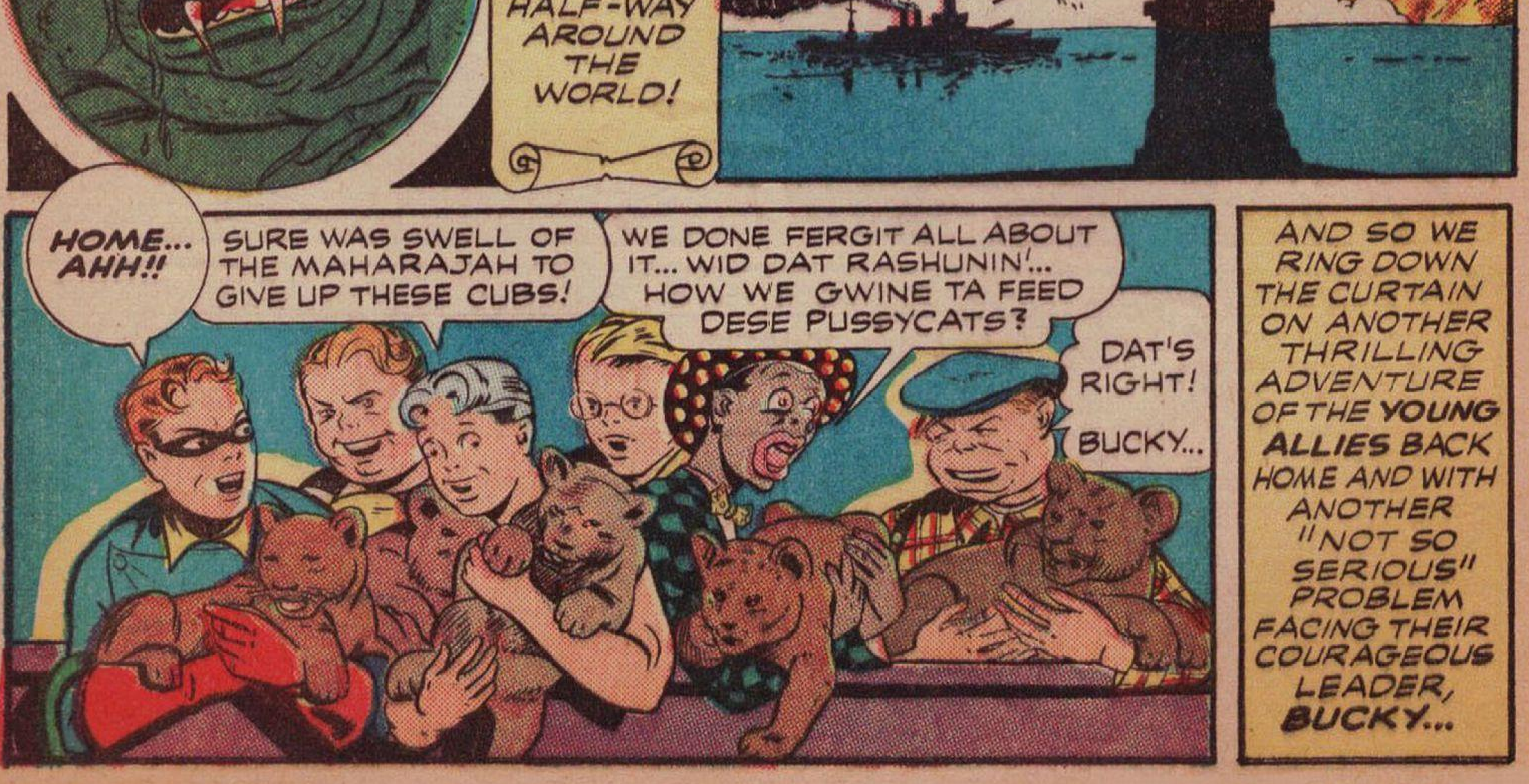
SOMETHING SCREWY GOIN' ON --- THEY'RE NOT CHASING US!
MAYBE THEY'RE PULLING SOME TRICKS!
AND I GOT AN IDEA! PROBABLY TOOK A SHORT CUT AND WAITING FOR US SOMEWHERE! WE'LL CIRCLE AND COME UP IN BACK OF THE RADIO STATION!
MAKING THEIR WAY AROUND TO THE TOP OF THE ROCKS --- THE THREE BOYS SURPRISE THE JAP GUARDING THE RADIO DUGOUT!
UGH!
OUT YOU GO, NIP!
HURRY, JEFF!
WITHIN MINUTES JEFF IS BUSY AT THE RADIO...
THIS IS A NEW KIND OF RADIO -- CAN'T GET A THING!
KEEP TRYING, JEFF! IT MEANS THE LIVES OF THOSE PEOPLE BACK THERE!
JEFF'S FRANTIC EFFORTS ARE FINALLY REWARDED!
HELLO! HELLO! PICK UP YOUR VOLUME! CAN'T HEAR YOU!!
EUREKA! LISTEN...CONTACT ENGLISH COMMISSIONER...BOMBAY...TELL HIM...MAHARAJAH'S LODGE...JAPS,...HURRY!
JUST AS THE BOYS ARE CELEBRATING THEIR GOOD FORTUNE... AND ARE PREPARED TO LEAVE... THE PYTHON APPEARS! AND TORO BURNS...
THE PYTHON!
DON'T MOVE! I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU DEVILS HERE! THIS TIME YOU SHALL NOT ESCAPE THE PYTHON!
BOY -- WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO BE ABLE TO --- HOLD EVERYTHING! I CAN FEEL...
TORO'S FLAME STARTLES THE PYTHON AND HIS MEN!
UG!
YOW!


MOMENTS LATER THE THREE BOYS ARE RACING AWAY AFTER STOPPING THEIR PURSUERS MOMENTARILY!
I OUGHT TO HAVE MY HEAD EXAMINED--- FORGETTING THE GUNS BACK THERE!
I GOT ONE GRENADE! HEY, WAIT! BUCKY IS HIT!
OWW! MY LEG!!
BEAT IT---I TELL YOU--- NO USE IN ALL OF US--
QUIET! WE'RE NOT LEAVING WITHOUT YOU!
UMM... PLEASE BE GOOD TO US, LITTLE GRENADE!
TORO'S GRENADE SCORES A DIRECT HIT!
THE JAPS CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL BEFORE HELP CAN ARRIVE IN FORCE!
A PLANE! HE'S COMING DOWN!
WOW! IT MUST BE A RESCUE PLANE! THAT MEANS HELP IS HERE!!
THEY ARE OUT OF AMMUNITION! WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL, RUSH THE HOUSE!
THE FINAL HOUR HAS STRUCK FOR THE GALLANT DEFENDERS!
HERE DEY COME, AND HERE WE GOES!
THAT'S THE LAST OF THE AMMUNITION!
HEY!! DEY'RE RUNNIN' THE ODDER WAY!


CAUGHT BETWEEN THE WITHERING MACHINE GUN FIRE OF THE RESCUE PLANES AND THE APPROACHING SOLDIERS, THE JAPS ARE EITHER KILLED OR CAPTURED IN VERY SHORT ORDER! AS **THE PYTHON** CRUSHES AND STRANGLES HIMSELF IN A FRENZY OF FRUSTRATION!
YAH-HOO! DAT MEANS DAT BUCKY AND THE OTHERS MADE IT!
YASSUH! DEM PLANES SHO' AM MOWIN' DEM DOWN!
THE SOLDIERS AT LAST!


THE END OF THE PYTHON!!


WEEKS LATER... AFTER THE TIRED BUT HAPPY BOYS RETURN HOME AFTER TRAVELLING MORE THAN HALF-WAY AROUND THE WORLD!
AIN'T SHE A BEAUT?
THERE! THE ALL-AMERICAN TORCH-GIRL... YA DRIP!
SOME TRIP!!
WHO? WHERE?


HOME... AHH!!
SURE WAS SWELL OF THE MAHARAJAH TO GIVE UP THESE CUBS!
WE DONE FERGIT ALL ABOUT IT... WID DAT RASHUNIN'... HOW WE GWINE TA FEED DESE PUSSYCATS?
DAT'S RIGHT! BUCKY...
AND SO WE RING DOWN THE CURTAIN ON ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF THE **YOUNG ALLIES** BACK HOME AND WITH ANOTHER "NOT SO SERIOUS" PROBLEM FACING THEIR COURAGEOUS LEADER, **BUCKY...**

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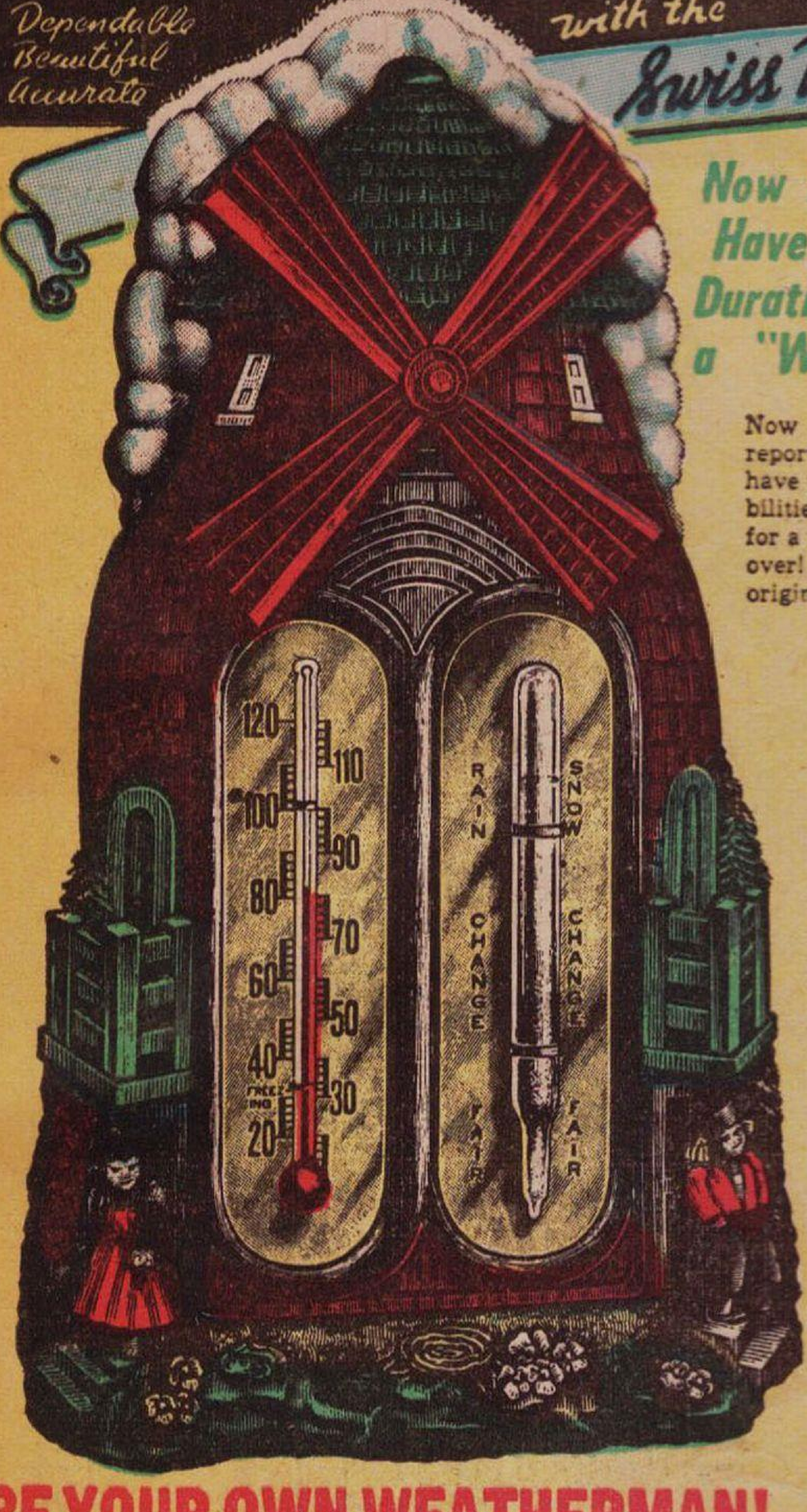

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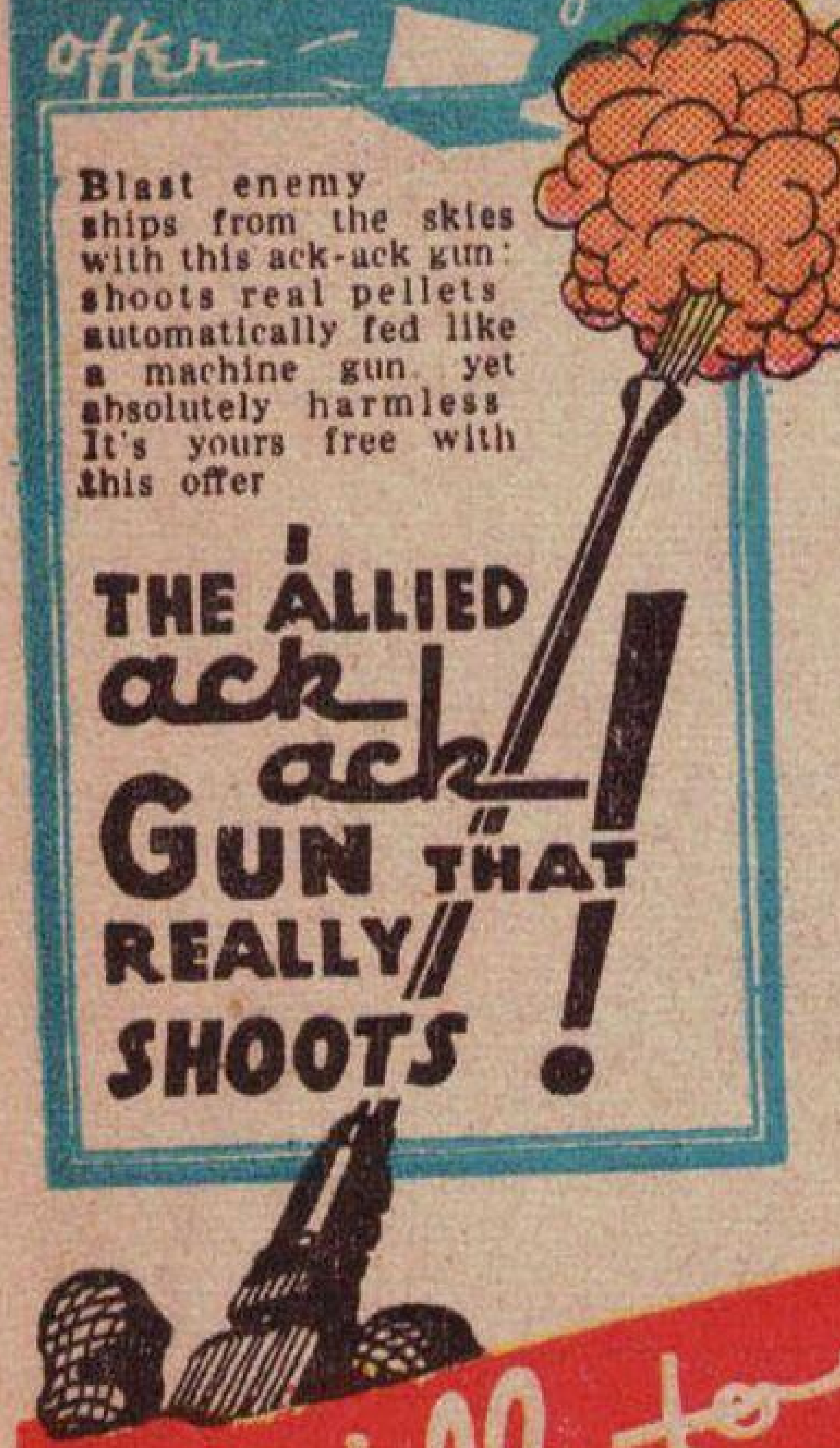

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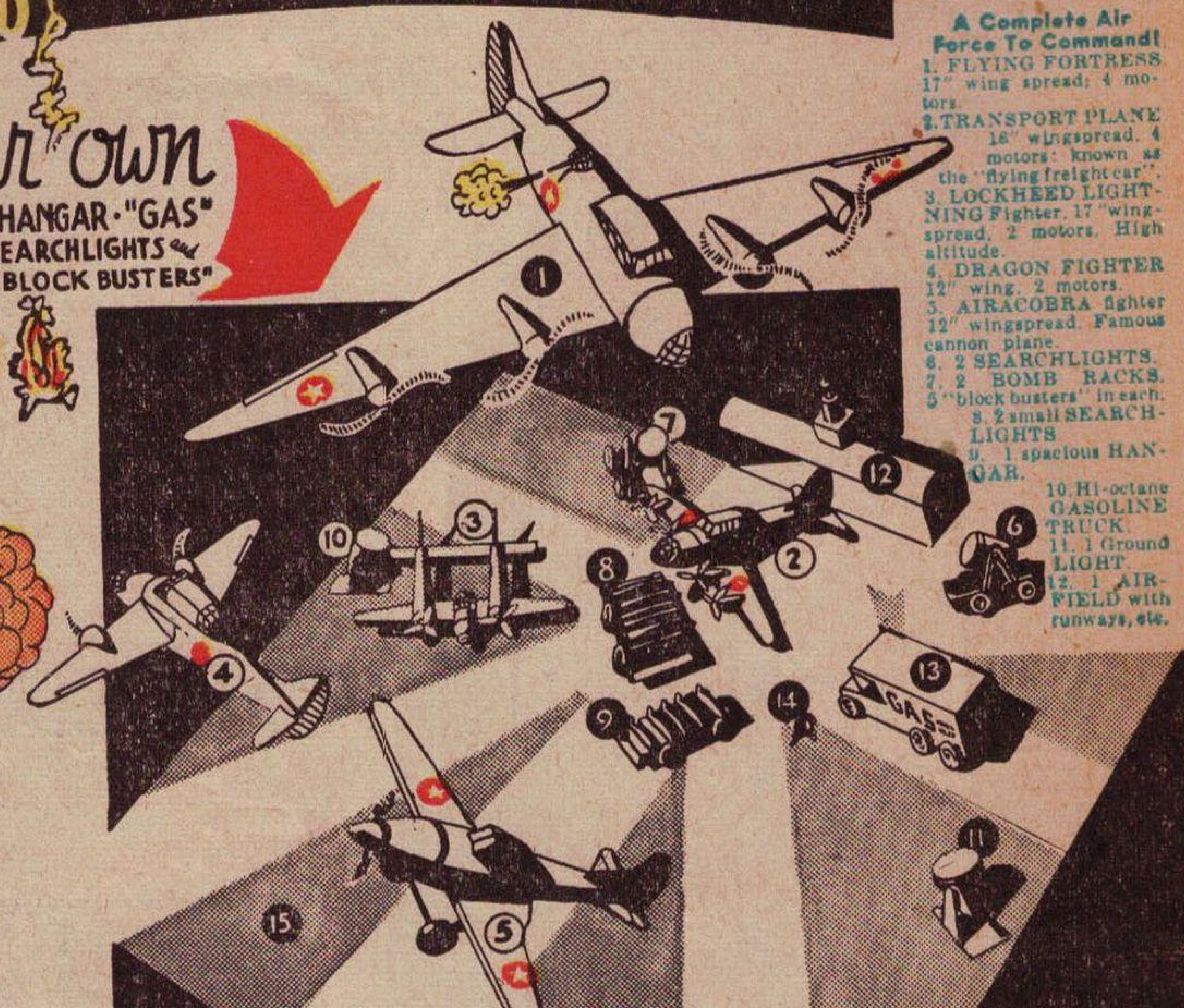

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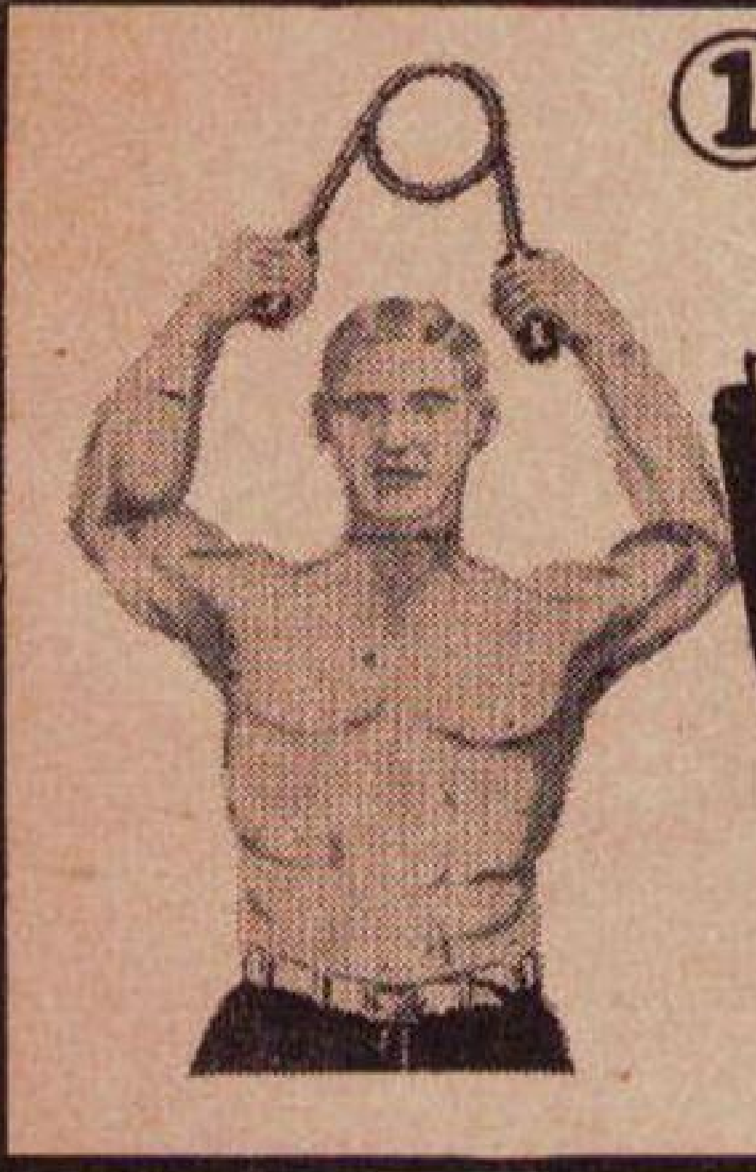

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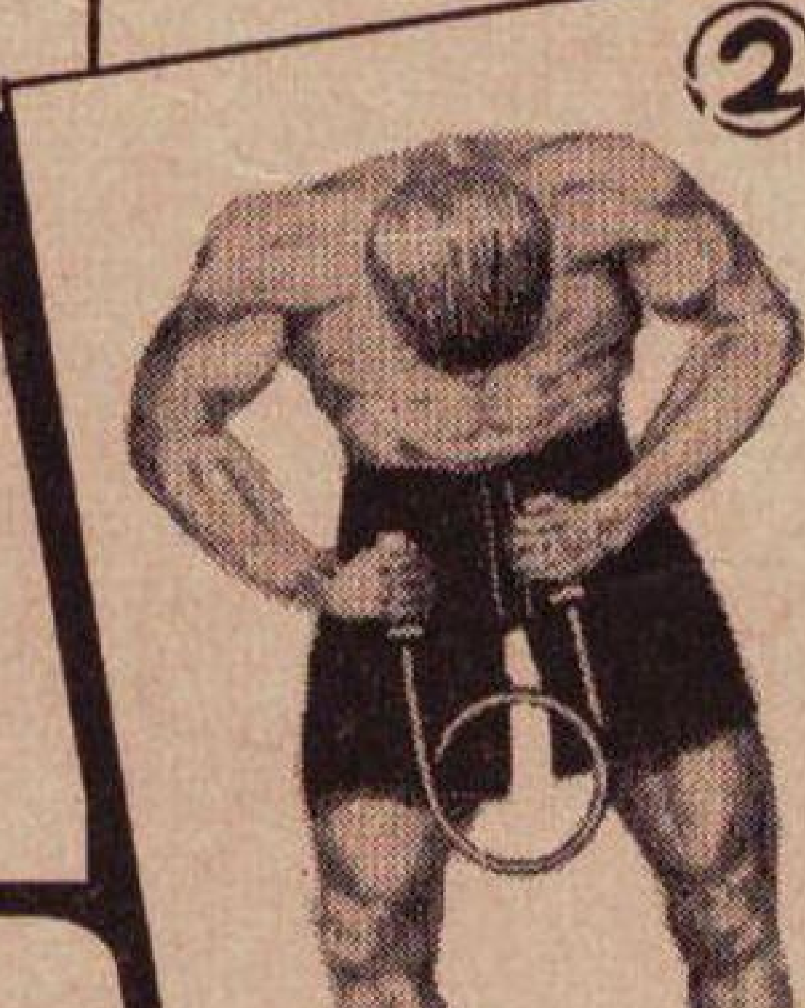

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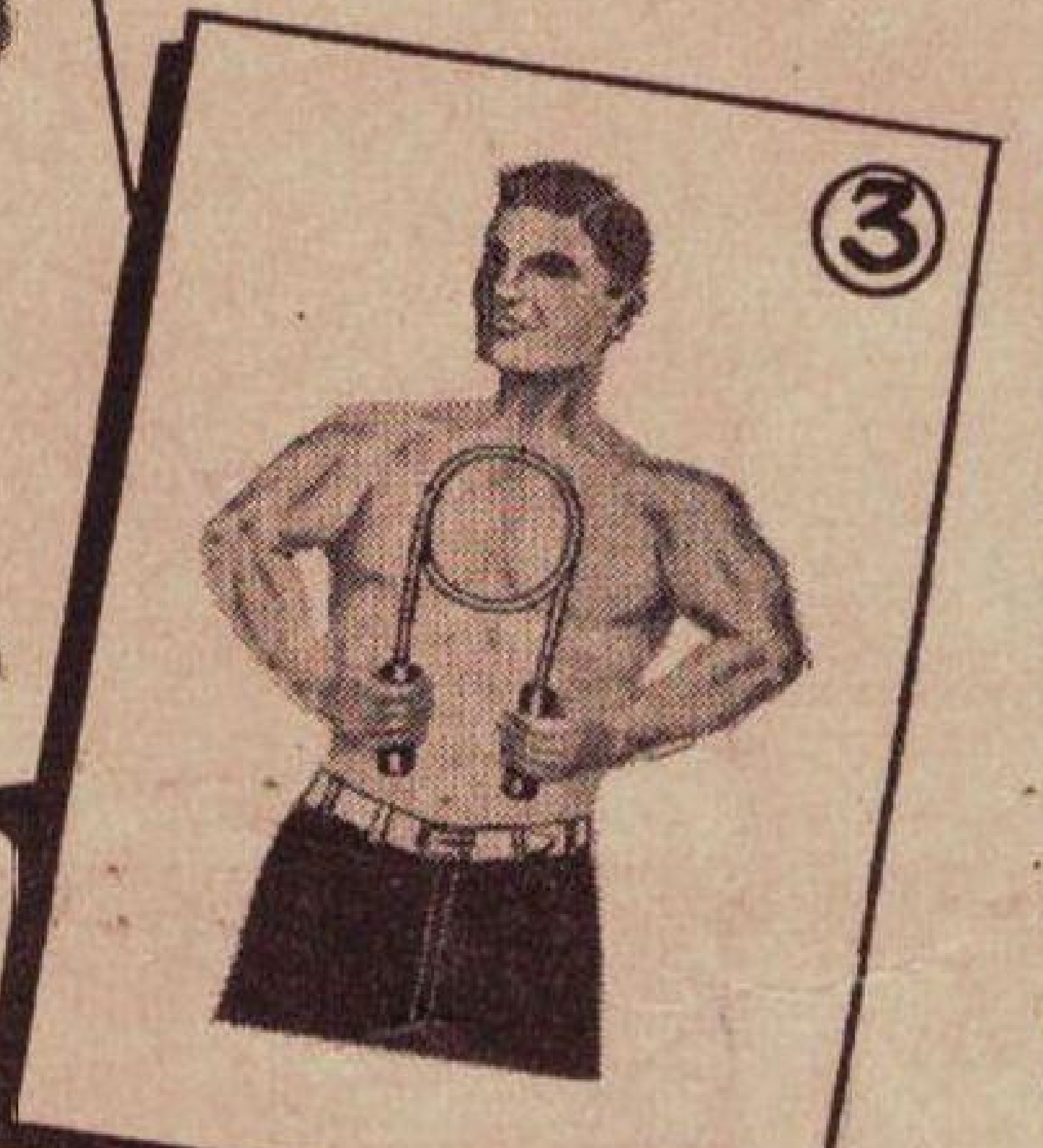

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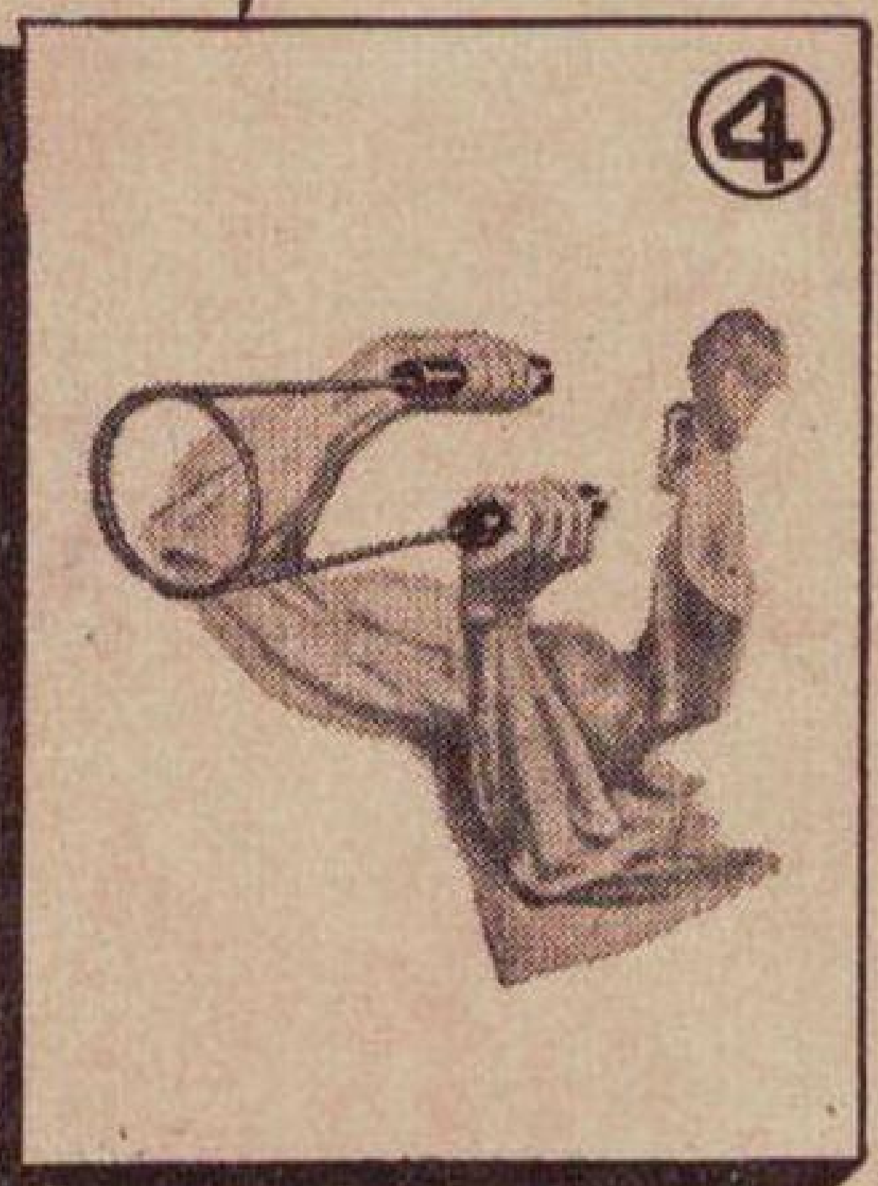

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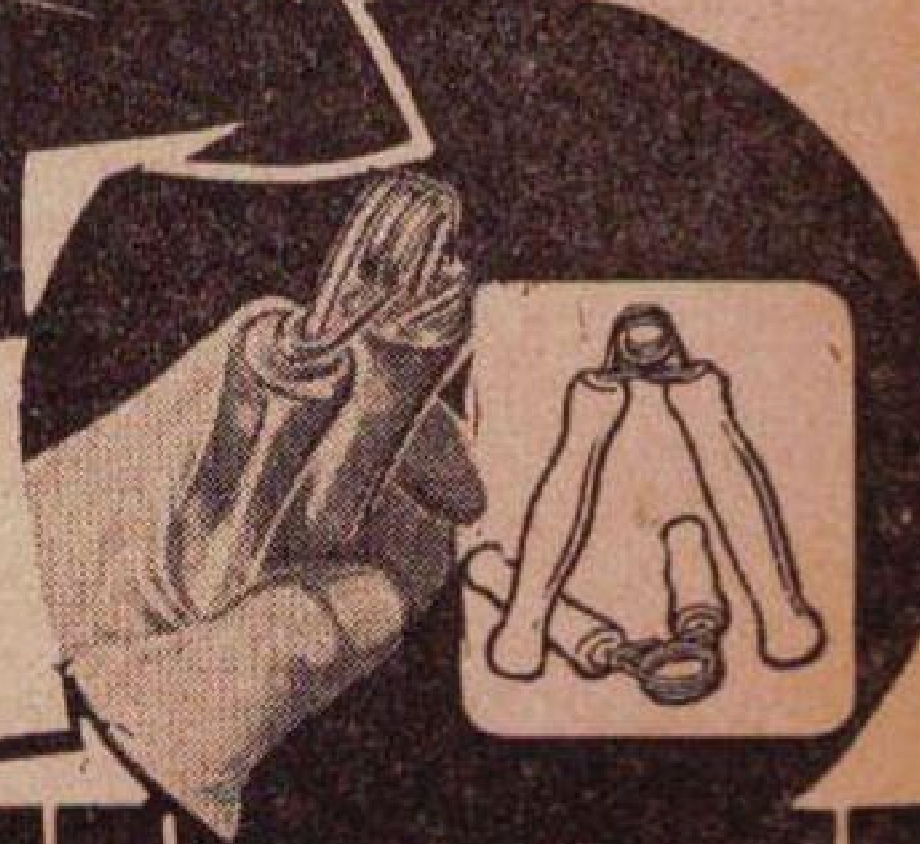

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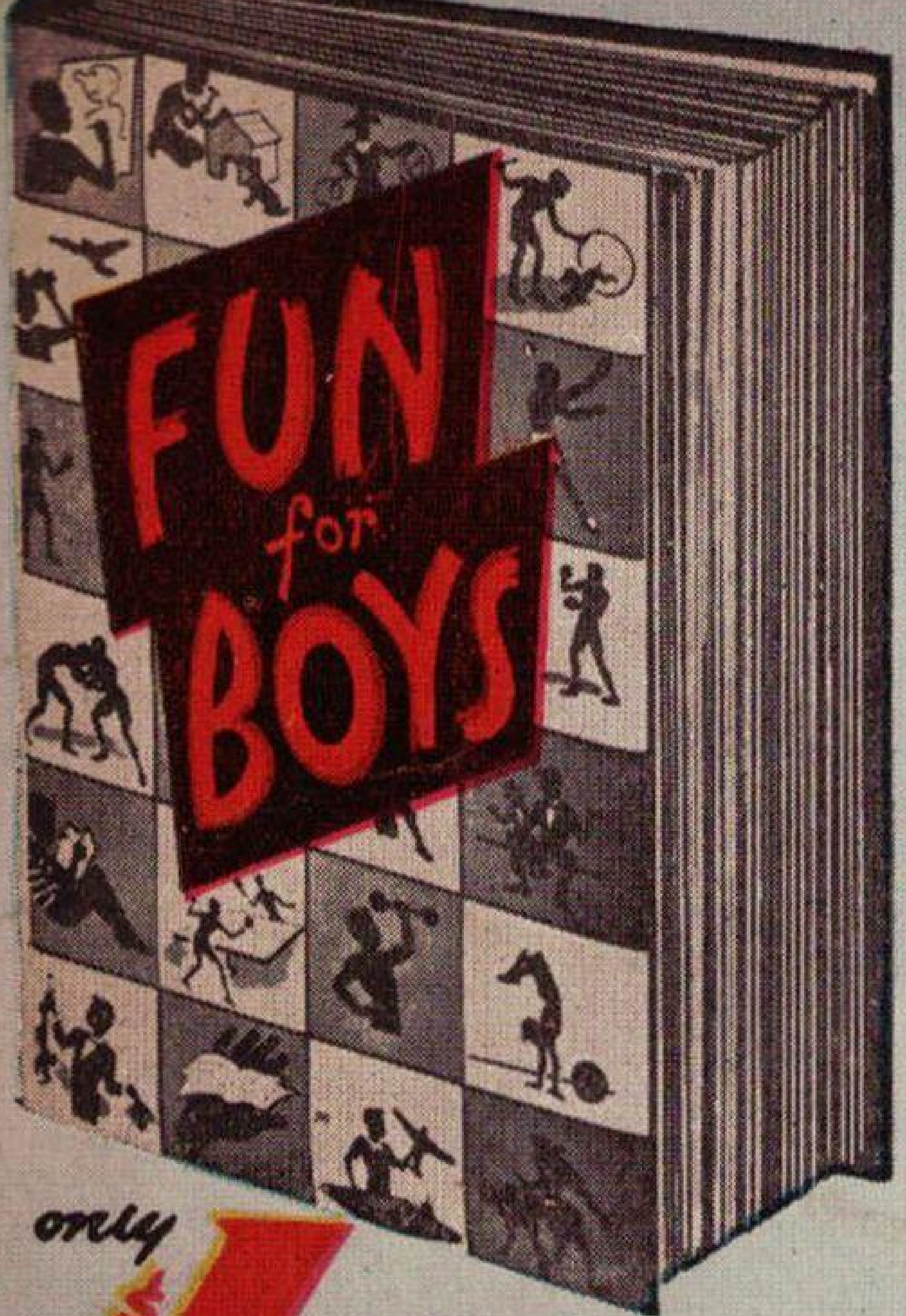

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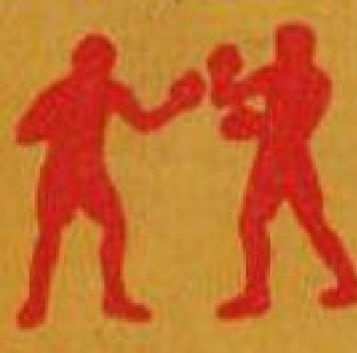

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